Vol 16. 16

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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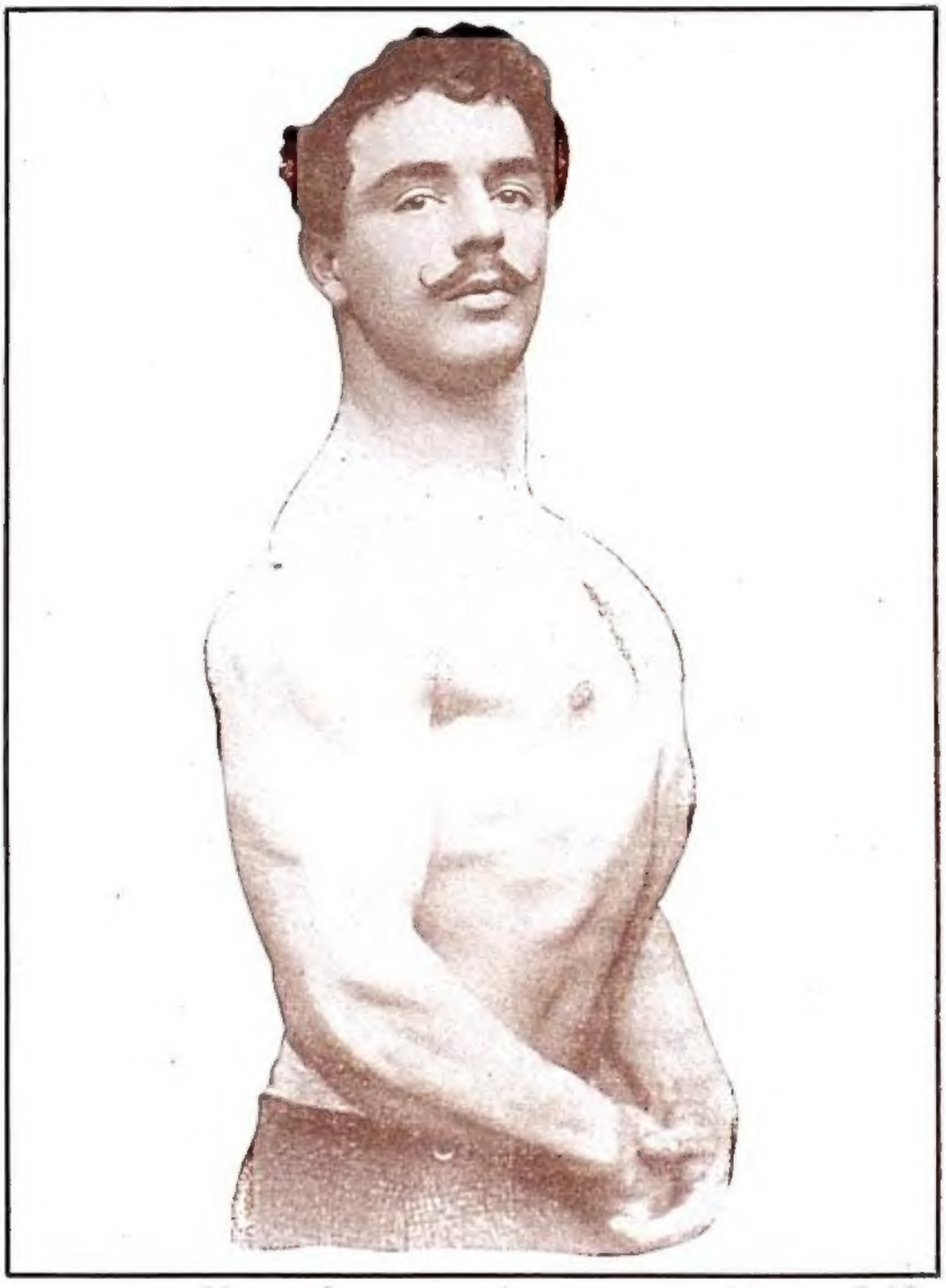

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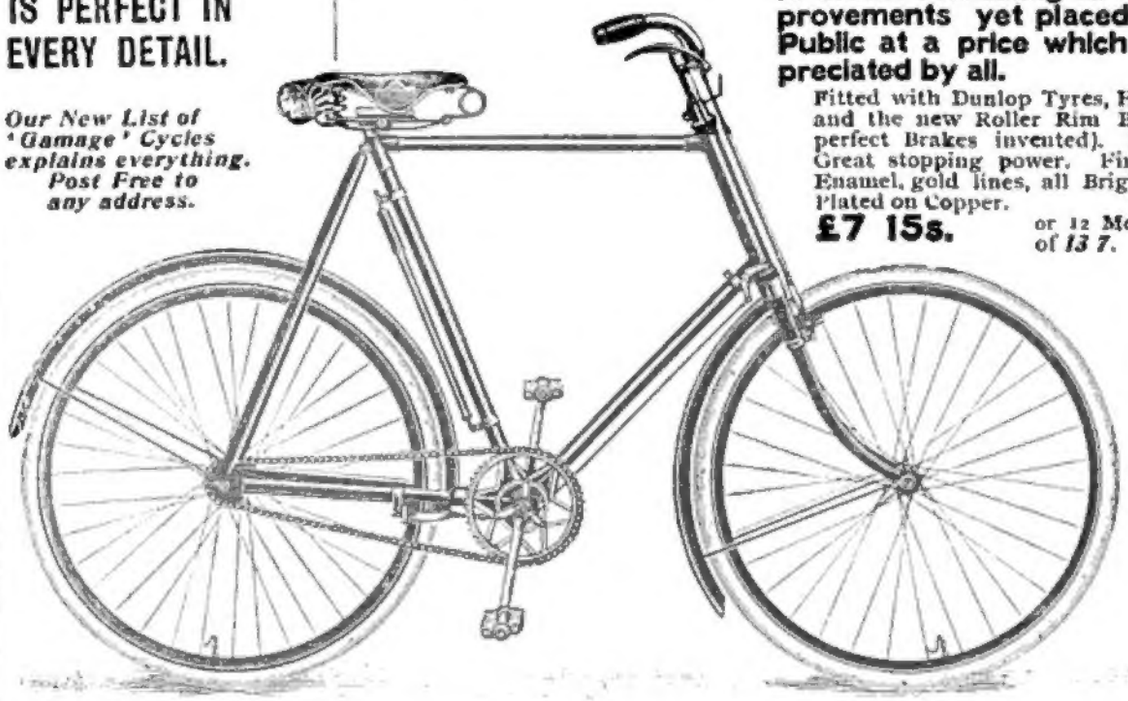

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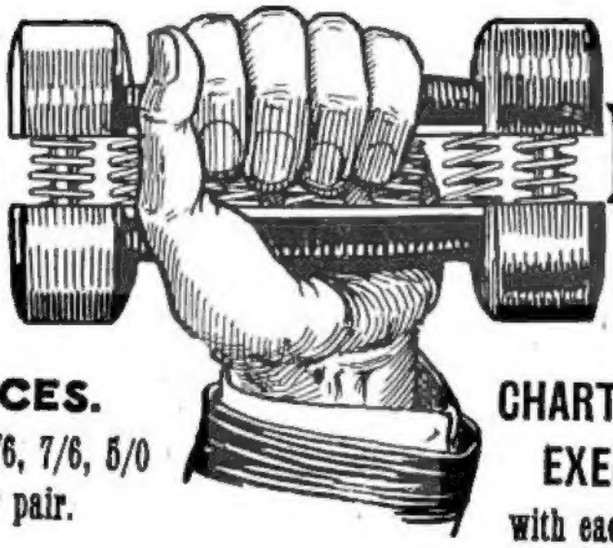

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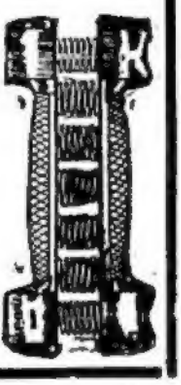

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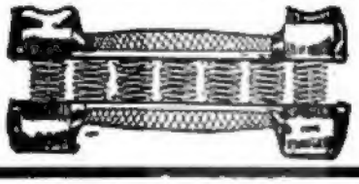

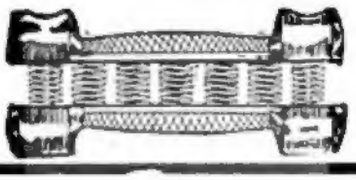

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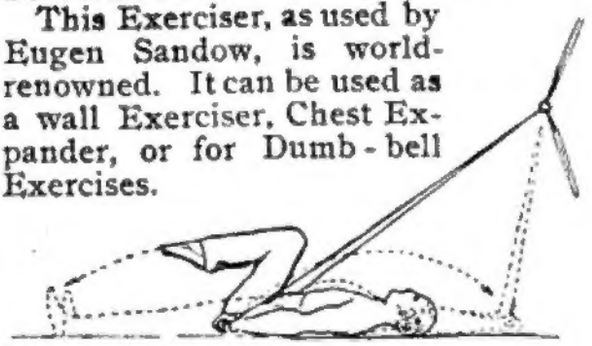

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Contents.

NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK. By The Editor 481
PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR DEFECTIVE CHILDREN 483
WALKING FOR WOMEN. By Julie D'Arcy... 485
THE ICEBERG NERVE CURE 488
POPULAR ERROR ABOUT THE CHEST 492
THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE FOR THE INSIDE OF A MAN. By Julian Hawthorne 493
SHOULD BOYS PLAY GOLF? 494
NOT FREE FOOD BUT PURE FOOD 496
PURE AIR AND HEALTH 497
THE STRONG, STRENUOUS, PURPOSEFUL TEUTON 498
JAPS ARE GREAT WALKERS 501
INSURANCE MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS 503
NERVOUSNESS 504
IN THE ARENA OF SPORT 505
READERS' CLUB 506
SOLDIERS WHILE YOU WAIT 509
VALOUR? By Laurance S. Shallard 510
UNCLE SAM WANTS GOATS... 511
OUR READERS' LIBRARY 512

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI.
No. 16.

APRIL 19, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Editor: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have received quite a number of letters from readers dealing with my note which appeared last week on the subject of ridicule. All of them tell the same story, viz., that the ridicule which was intended to dishearten them only served to further stimulate them on the way to physical regeneration, and in not a few cases the persons ridiculed actually lived to see the conversion of those who ridiculed them.

o——o

Let no reader grow downhearted because of ridicule. Ridicule is like a boomerang, and comes home to roost very often. Don't you remember how, when poor old Jonas Hanway first startled people with his umbrella, he was followed everywhere by a jeering crowd? But everybody carries umbrellas now. When George Stevenson invented the locomotive, many people thought he was a wild dreamer, and ridiculed the idea of twenty miles an hour. We often travel at the rate of 60 now. Don't mind sneers or jeers. Get your muscle up first. Then reply to them.

o——o

A short time ago the *Daily Mail* perpetrated an unconscious joke in its usually very sedate "Wills" column. It announces recent wills under the heading, "Other People's Money," and the first in a recent issue was that of a Mr. Geo. Taylor Fulford, patent medicine manufacturer, who at the age of fifty-three left gross estate to the value of £1,311,000. A nice little pile of other people's money to amass in the comparatively short space of fifty-three years. The figures are striking evidence of the profits accruing to the patent medicine business.

o——o

It is a thousand pities that the arrival of each Bank Holiday should witness so many Bacchanalian orgies among the holiday-makers. In this respect, the Englishman compares very unfavourably with the Continental workman, a fact,

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however, which is not so much the fault of the individual as of our public-house system. What is really wanted is the introduction of restaurants comfortably lighted and upholstered, selling light wines and beers, and with plenty of good music provided. Such a system would be conducive to rational enjoyment, and would do much to make a Bank Holiday a real health boon to the working man and his family instead of distorting it into a Saturnalia, as is too often the case at present.

o——o

It is a sad reflection on our boasted civilization that almost every occasion of public rejoicing means a swelled police-court list the following morning. After the 'Varsity boat-race, for instance, there appeared among others at the Marlborough Police-court a doctor, a journalist, two University students, a barrister, and a solicitor, all charged with being drunk and disorderly. What is one to expect from the uneducated and uncultured classes when members of the learned professions conduct themselves in this disgraceful fashion? As the magistrate observed, it is such people who ought to set an example of good behaviour, instead of being participants in drunken and rowdy scenes.

o——o

The value of deep breathing is already recognised on all hands, and now a physician writes to the learned columns of the *Lancet* a long letter advocating it as a cure for insomnia. The shoulders, he says, must be vigorously held backwards, and deep breathing carried out for 8, 12, or 15 inspirations. This usually suffices to induce the wished-for somnolence. Anyway, it is an experiment easily tried and without risk.

o——o

Mr. Joseph Fels, the well-known American philanthropist, who has instigated and financed many useful sociological questions, has just made another generous offer for the physical benefit of London school children. His offer is to provide £5,000 for an experimental health centre at one of the London day schools. His object is to induce the elementary schools to raise the bath-room to the dignity of a class-room, and to ensure that physical education shall embrace everything affecting a child's health. Many a weakly child might be made strong by a right understanding of this most important matter.

o——o

Under Mr. Fels' scheme every child would be subjected to a careful physical examination, and the teachers would then know what the child was fit for. Mr. Fels lays stress on the importance of the teachers, at such a health centre as he proposes, being trained as to the best methods of developing proper breathing, voice production, and observation as to the general health of the children attending the schools, with special care to the palate, nostrils, throat, and ears, all of which things concern the proper development of the child. A similar scheme is already in operation in Bradford, and its results there are remarkable.

o——o

Repeatedly in these columns, I have denounced the living-in system on both hygienic and economic reasons, and I am glad to see that at last a Parliamentary Committee has been appointed to enquire into the matter. The Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, M.P., Lord Advocate for Scotland, is Chairman, and the members are Mr. E. A. Brotherton, M.P. for Wakefield, a chemical manufacturer; Mr. F. Cawley, M.P. for the Prestwich Division of Lancashire, a bleacher and calico printer; Mr. M. Delevingne, of the Home Office; Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. for Leicester (Labour); Mr. F. Maddison, M.P. for Burnley (Labour); Mrs. H. J. Tennant, and Mr. A. F. Yarrow, of the firm of Yarrow & Co., shipbuilders. Any of my readers who may wish to correspond with the secretary of the committee on this subject should write to Mr. T. E. Bettany, at the Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.

Eugen Sandow

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

Training the Mind by Means of the Body.

FOR the especial benefit of the hospital and school children of New York, a new gymnasium has recently been opened at a place called Randall's Island, under the superintendence of Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, a famous neurologist. The new gymnasium, it is hoped, will afford one of the most valuable means at command for the treatment of the feeble minded, and the building is beautifully equipped with every form of apparatus that can be used for the physical benefit of the children.

NORMAL AND ABNORMAL.

Everyone is familiar with the idiot—the person whose mental powers are distinctly below the normal. There are, however, all kinds of mental grades between the idiot and the normal—using the word "normal" to indicate not any fixed and absolute standard, either mental or physical, but simply the possession of such powers as will enable one to meet his environment successfully, and to compete with his fellows on something like equal terms. The mental standard cannot be settled by saying that it consists in the ability to read or write. The child who can read and write may fail desperately in his attempt to compete in play or at school. At certain ages the normal person gives certain results. The normal boy, competing with his little world of school and play-fellows, the normal university student, competing with his bigger world of classmates, gives these results, thus proving his right to be considered normal. When the individual fails to give these results he is said to be below the type, a typical defective.

HOPE FOR THE BACKWARD CHILD.

It is only comparatively recently that the deficient child has received much scientific attention. Here and there were noted children who caused their teachers annoyance by their inability to keep up with classes, and their parents anguish by their lack of scholastic and social brilliancy. They were spoken of as "backward," but they were seldom made the subjects of any special study or special treatment.

The "backward" child is no longer a negligible quantity. The number of deficient or atypical children has increased so rapidly that all through the East private schools are being opened for them, and in the public schools separate classes are being formed.

There are about six hundred deficient children at Randall's Island, said Dr. Oppenheim to a press representative, and they represent all grades of deficiency, from the lowest kind of idiot, who is unable to keep himself clean or to perform with decency the ordinary functions of life, to those who, had they been born more fortunately, would never have been branded with the stigma of deficiency at all, and who, if placed under proper conditions, will be able to make a good showing in the world.

LITTLE SOCIALISTS.

What the medical staff of the island is trying to do is to take this great mass of undigested material, break it up into the smallest possible sub-divisions of assimilated sorts, and then apply to each little group the sort of treatment that will best answer to the deficiency in question. This treatment may be medical, surgical, educational—all or any. A still further part of the training lies in environment, the putting them under the most normal conditions, where they will have the least amount of storm and stress to work against.

To all this regenerative work the new gymnasium is expected to form an important adjunct. The plan is to make it a social centre as well as a developer of feeble minds and bodies. The institution child usually comes as near to being a factory-made child as it is possible to

conceive. He is fed, clothed, and handled in wholesale groups. He goes to bed in mass, gets up in mass and is treated generally in gross amounts in a way that is most disadvantageous to his spiritual and mental life. The new gymnasium is to be a social centre, where the children, through little sodalities and clubs, according to their capabilities, can express their social needs.

THEIR SPECIAL EXERCISES.

With the intention of enabling these deficients to take exercise in a thoroughly free but thoroughly regulated way, the gymnasium has been furnished with all the apparatus that can be used with safety by the children. Take the case of a child of ten or twelve, who is weakly built and of a low grade of intellect, but capable of attaining a fair degree of development. He would be allowed to exercise with the chest weights, with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and wands; in short, he would be given vigorous as well as co-ordinating exercises for his lungs, chest, and circulation. Or suppose the patient to be a girl of fifteen or sixteen. She would take part in wand, flag, marching, and club drills, in the entertainments and the club and social life. The gymnasium has horizontal and parallel bars, punching bags, vaulting horses, and jumping standards, besides apparatus for developing special parts, and arrangements for basket-ball, shuttlecock, clock golf, and indoor badminton. The manual of arms is given to those from seven or eight years old, with a view to developing quickness, discipline, obedience, good poise, etc. It is thought that the moral effect will be good on the children, who will form the habit of working in concert and responding to responsibility.

LIBRARY FOR EVERY ONE.

A special library of books, suitable for children of low grade mental development, and books for the blind is also included in the scheme, with lip reading and other modes of instruction for the dumb.

In other words, the Medical Board is trying to develop the New York City children's hospitals and schools into an institution capable of taking the ordinary defective child and developing him to his best mental and physical efficiency. It seeks to give him the nearest possible approach to the environment of the child who is fortunately situated in his own home. That one must not be too sanguine that deficient children, when raised to their highest power, can be thrown into the world to compete with normal people, is the opinion of one of the physicians who is interested in the work.

"Their best chance lies in going into country homes," he said, "where, as domestic servant or farm hand, their labour will be fairly acceptable. The main thing is that they must indefinitely remain subject to kindly but firm control. At no point must they be thrown on their own resources. After giving them their development, it is essential to see that the world does not abuse them. A great deal more can be done with them than ever has been done."

Chelsea in the Van.

Physical training receives its fair share of attention in the Secondary Day School of the South-Western Polytechnic, Chelsea. So far as the application of such training to girls is concerned, the school claims to rank among the pioneers of the movement in this country, and so much importance is attached to it as regards both boys and girls that a medical certificate can alone exempt a pupil from the gymnastic lessons. The gymnastic display given by some 120 or 130 of the pupils recently, under the supervision of Miss D. Wilke and Sergeant Jones, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, proved the thoroughness and judgment with which this department of the school work is carried on. Every pupil showed its effect in erectness of bearing, grace of movement, alertness, and agility. The victory of the girls over a team of boys of their own weight in a tug-of-war evoked tremendous excitement amongst the young people, and an Irish jig, beautifully danced by a bevy of girls in picturesque costume, had to be repeated, in response to the enthusiastic plaudits of an admiring assemblage of parents and guardians.

WALKING FOR WOMEN.

Good Advice for our Girl Readers. By Julie D'Arcy.

TWO pretty girls went into the gymnasium of a famous teacher to ask for his advice.

"Why am I not graceful?" asked one of the girls. "I am not too fat and I am not too thin. I am not self-conscious and I am not always studying myself. Yet I can feel, every minute of my life, that I lack grace. What can I do?"

"You are ungraceful," said the teacher, "because you are stiff in your joints. When you seat yourself, you sit down as though you were a jack-knife doubling up. You fairly snap together as you locate. There is nothing harmonious about you."

"But what can I do to become graceful?"

"You must study the poetry of motion. At present you are a living example of its prose. You are just as awkward as you can be."

"What is my worse defect?"

"You carry your shoulders too high. You walk all hunched forward. You are a little too tall. You grew too fast. And, as you realised that you were above the average height, you began to stoop forward a little. Then you began to lift your shoulders and, pretty soon, you got into the habit of walking with the shoulders lifted and stooped forward. It is a bad habit."

"But how can I correct it?"

"Stand erect and straighten your shoulders. At first you will feel as though you were falling over backward. It is years since you have stood up straight. Even your clothing shows this. Your waists sag in the front and your shoulders are round in the back. Your back is narrow and your waist is drawn in. You figure is poor."

"But I cannot hold my shoulders back. It makes my back ache, and sometimes I cough."

LUNGS WEAK FROM STOOPING.

"Of course. That is because your lungs are weak from stooping forward so much. You have contracted them into such a little space that they could not grow. They are all cramped and misshapen. And they take their revenge."

"But how can I begin the work of reform?"

"Begin by standing up straight with your hands on your hips. Stand and look at yourself in a full-length mirror. Your chest should be expanded and should set out well. Remember that a full-busted figure is handsome. Your shoulders should be thrown well back and your abdomen should be drawn in. It will be some time before you can stand that way, but you can try, and keep on trying."

"But why will that make me graceful?"

"Because you are naturally graceful. You are tall and willowy, and if you would try to stand up straight you would soon become beautiful. Grace would come natural to you. You could make yourself lovely in six months' time."

"But, doctor," said the other young lady, who had been quiet during the talk, "my case is quite different. I am tall, yet I stand up straight and am of a good figure. Yet a more awkward girl was never seen. What is the cause of my awkwardness?"

"You are awkward because your joints are stiff. You do not exercise enough. You read part of the day, and, when you go out to walk, you wear a long train which you must hold up. It impedes your progress. You do not walk with a full, free step."

"How can I change my ways?"

"For young women like you, stiff in the joints and not very strong, there is one splendid remedy, and it is found in cross-country walking. In England and Scotland cross-country walking is a frequent thing. In this country it is so

rare that the walkist is considered a freak."

"But what is cross-country walking? I do not understand."

"Cross-country walking is, as its name implies, the pastime of walking across country. To do this correctly, and so as to get the most benefit, you start off dressed in a short skirt and wearing a comfortable flannel blouse. You take with you a small shawl strap containing one light change of underwear and a change of shoes."

DRESS FOR A CROSS-COUNTRY WALK.

"What kind of dress and what kind of underwear would you advise?"

"A light, unlined flannel skirt, cut well, so that one feels comfortably well dressed passing through a town. A linen one is better were it not for the fact that it soils so soon. Then the waist should be light in weight, and there should be as little underwear as possible. The plainest, simplest silk or lisle is best."

"But how does the cross-country walker start upon her journey?"

"She takes a friend, and the two take a trolley into the suburbs. Then they set out across country. They climb a hill and look around and select a route. A compass is absolutely necessary, or the walkers will certainly walk in a circle. They then start forth. They can walk two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. But no more, or they will get too tired.

"But how about their feet?"

"The feet will take care of themselves. A change of shoes every other day will work wonders. Rough spots on the stocking should be rubbed with a cake of soap to prevent any friction with rough spots on the shoe. And the stocking should be dipped in water every night and hung up to dry. This keeps them fresh. The feet, too, should be treated. They should be rubbed with vaseline nightly."

"What is the logic of this?"

"Why, the feet are much-used parts of the body. One might say that they are much-abused members. They stand a great deal every day, and they are worthy more care than is generally bestowed upon them. In the natural wear and tear, snugly bound up from the light and air, they lose a certain amount of natural moisture, and this can be best restored by rubbing them lightly with a very little vaseline. There should not be enough to make them greasy. Just a tiny lump will do. This will keep them in a good shape, and will prevent corns and callouses."

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY TRAMP.

"How long a walk would you advise the cross-country walkers to take?"

"It would do them no harm to walk four hours a day every day for a month, stopping, of course, when tired or when the weather is bad."

"But their diet?"

"I was going to mention their diet, which will be surprisingly plain. People who start to walk across country get the idea that they will be very hungry, and they are for taking a hamper of food with them. But this will not be necessary. Half a dozen apples eaten under the trees; a luncheon of milk and fresh bread and eggs; a dinner of good vegetables and bacon will satisfy the most fastidious of epicures.

"But surely one cannot walk on this diet?"

"On the contrary. It is just the food for the hard worker or the walker. And the walkist will find that she rises in the morning feeling as light as a feather and as hungry as a bear. She will take her cup of farmhouse coffee and her glass of milk; and she will eat her slice of bread and her eggs with a relish. And, when she travels on, she will find that her stomach craves nothing more than a harvest apple until the noon meal."

"How about the complexion?"

"Oh, that is another story. The skin will be ruined. That much is certain. But there are cosmetics and cold creams to restore it, and the coat of sunburn and the patch of freckles will yield before the good agencies of cucumber and lettuce creams and the persuasive fingers of the masseuse on one's return."

"But how does this cross-country walking make one more graceful?"

"It makes a woman more graceful just as it makes her healthier and less self-conscious. After she has walked the stiffness out of her limbs; after she has swung the angles out of her arms; after she has moved her hips without the cruel tug of the corset strings—for she will walk with her corsets loosened, of course—she will find that she has gained a great deal in natural poise."

CHOOSE THE RIGHT LOCATION.

"What do you mean by natural poise?"

"By natural poise I mean the exquisite grace of the Indian woman; the wonderful free swing of the working girl; the beautiful manner of the Irish lassie as she tosses hay, and of the German girl as she works beside the stream. There is something that is delightfully youthful in the gestures of the woman who has learned her grace by working out-of-doors."

"But how about deep breathing and health?"

"That is a point to be considered carefully. The cross-country walker must not choose lowlands and a malarial district. It is not a good plan to walk through a region of ponds. If one can strike the mountains and the lakes that lie high, well and good. But it is worse than nothing at all to walk through a low, ill-smelling district."

But, doctor, suppose one cannot go cross-country walking, and suppose it is not possible to get out into the open at all. Then what can a poor girl do?"

"The condition is impossible. She can always get out into the open. There is no girl who cannot throw open the windows and do her cross-country walking in her own room at least."

"I do not understand."

"She can loosen her clothing, put on easy shoes, and she can dance a hop, a skip and a jump, if nothing more. She can, at least, get exercise and take the air both at once. That is not a difficult thing to do."

"But it is tiresome."

"Not if you have pleasant company. I know two girls who could not get away to walk across country, so they tried the walking feat in their own room. They put on loose suits. One dressed in a little gymnasium suit, and the other wore a kimona. And, together, they took exercise every day. They kept at it for an hour each morning and each evening, and, oh, how healthy and graceful it made them."

WALKING EXERCISE AT HOME.

"But how can one manage to get this exercise at home?"

"Only by taking the time for it and resolutely making it. These two young women were very anxious to keep slender and to keep their health. So they got up an hour earlier every morning and took their exercise. They threw open the window wide, put on their suits, and hopped and danced, skipped, etc., going through them all, again and again. Pretty soon they began little feats of strength, and they soon became very fond of testing each other's strength."

"Do you believe in Japanese gymnastics?"

"Yes and no. I am aware that they are quite the fad now. But one must be careful, sometimes, in picking up a new fad. It is apt, as in this case, to hold unseen dangers. The Japanese wrestling and throwing feats are very well for professionals; but, for the young lady, they may do more harm than good. It is very easy to strain the back; very easy to wrench the muscles; very easy to tear the cords of the leg; very simple, indeed, to give the arm a turn from which it never recovers. One very pretty young lady has a stiff finger. It was twisted while she was doing some so-called oriental stunts."

"Then you approve of simpler gymnastics?"

"By all means. The best ones are the motions employed in every-day life. Don't strain after new movements. Take the old ones and practise them. They will make you limber and graceful and do you good, while the others are more apt to injure than to help you."

"And is it your opinion that every woman can become graceful?"

"Certainly. There is no reason in the world why a woman should not move gracefully. And she will if she is willing to study the art of grace a little."

THE ICEBERG NERVE CURE.

A TALE OF HAY FEVER AND THE RUIN OF A FRIENDSHIP.

"MY wife and Mrs. Hills used to think a heap of each other; that was when Sarah imagined she had hay fever and told Mrs. Hills every day how poorly she felt. Now, they don't speak, and it's all on account of floating around on an iceberg."

Mr. Abner Spencer stirred up the blazing logs in his fireplace and smiled reminiscently. I expressed my ignorance and interest.

Mr. Spencer's office, in which we were seated, was not a busy place, but then Mr. Spencer was not a busy man. His bankers could vouch that he had no need to be.

His office was for him an asylum to which he could go every morning and read the newspapers, thus adding to his sense of importance and avoiding domestic worries at the same time.

"You never met Mrs. Spencer?" her husband inquired.

I had not.

"Well, my wife is a capable woman; yes, sir, as capable a woman as there is in the State of Connecticut; but it wasn't always that way. For a spell she used to think she had hay fever every year from the time the grass turned green in the spring until furnace time in the fall, and it took a good sized iceberg to make her agree she was mistaken."

Mr. Spencer drew his chair a trifle nearer to the fire. A smile that started in a twinkle in his eyes spread itself over his smooth-shaven cheeks, hesitated for an instant in his short grey beard, and following the bulging curve of his waistcoat, was finally lost in the tips of his square-toed shoes.

"When I come to think of all the things that happened they do seem funny," he said in explanation. "The doctors—and we had considerably many of them, take it first and last—all told Sarah that there wasn't anything the matter with her, except nerves.

"But she wouldn't believe any of them, and it finally came to a point where something had to be done. There wasn't much fun living in the same house with a woman who was grunting all the time the way my Sarah was, so I got desperate, and said to the doctor we had then that things had got to stop somehow.

"We talked the matter all over, and we both came to the conclusion that as long as Sarah really thought she was sick—and you couldn't beat it out of her that she didn't have hay fever—the only thing to do was to make believe she was right, and then to pretend to cure her. So we decided that I was to take her to some place where she couldn't have hay fever even if she wanted to.

"That evening I took out the map, and I studied it like a boy at school. I looked all over North and South America, and they wouldn't do—green grass growing everywhere; then I tackled Europe and Asia and Africa and Australia and the islands in the sea and, by Jinks! they wouldn't do either.

"Every single place was full of flowers and weeds in summer, and the only place that looked as if it might do—barring the ocean, and I never cared much for sea trips—was Greenland. So I said to my wife, just as naturally as if I'd said 'Sarah, we'll have corned beef for dinner to-morrow!' I said, "We'll spend the summer in Greenland.'

"'Greenland?' she answered. 'You mean Switzerland, Abner. That's where Mrs. Hills is going. She was telling me about it only yesterday—all about the mountains and everything she was going to see. It'll be nice to go along with her.'

"'Mrs. Hills may be going to Switzerland, but that's no place for folks with hay fever,' I said. 'There's nothing but edelweiss crawling all over the hills there, and that makes it pretty bad for people who are sick the way you are.'

"I was taking chances, and though I didn't relish the idea of cooping myself up in Greenland all summer, I was bound to try to make Sarah think she was cured.

"I guess what I said about that edelweiss impressed Sarah somewhat, for the next day, when Mrs. Hills came in to talk about Switzerland, Sarah got at her about the advantages of Greenland, about it being more romantic to go to places every one didn't go to, and all that sort of talk. It finally got so hot that it wasn't safe to talk of foreign travel when those two were together.

"Well, on the 1st of June we started. How did we go? Oh, that was easy enough. I fixed it up with the captain of a whaling steamer sailing from New Bedford to take us up and leave us while he went whale fishing for a couple of months, and then he'd call for us in September and bring us back.

"So we packed up everything we could think of—canned stuff and tea and flour. Sarah made me put in my beaver hat in case we should meet any swell people, and she put in her black silk dress. And we took some oil cooking stoves to cook on, and books to read.

"Then we bought a house. It all came to pieces so it would travel easy and the sailors could put it together for us to live in.

"The captain told me we couldn't wear our regular clothes up there, but his wife, who had been in Greenland with him, and was just Sarah's size, agreed to lend her some of her things that weren't worn a speck, and he arranged to have some made to fit me.

"When the day came for sailing the whole family travelled with us down to New Bedford to see us off. They said good-bye and 'come back well and strong,' and we said 'good-bye and don't let the children '—those were our grandchildren—'eat green apples,' and we started.

"You've taken a sea trip? Then there's no special use telling you of ours. Of course, we were sea-sick, but that didn't last long, and we enjoyed the trip better than I thought we would. Only Sarah was all the time curious about those clothes of the captain's wife she was going to wear.

"Are you sure they'll fit and be stylish? she kept asking him.

"He told her that she and his wife were as much alike as twins, and the clothes would be sure to fit, and, as far as style went, the people up in Greenland didn't change fashions very often, and he tried to ease her mind.

"Sarah wanted to see them and try them on, but they were 'way down in the ship's cellar, and couldn't be got at easy,' so she had to believe the captain, seeing there was no other way.

"We kept on sailing for a long time, and then one morning there was Greenland just ahead of us, and I'll be jiggered if it wasn't green, too, with grass growing the way it does here at home.

"Naturally, I was disappointed, seeing we'd come so far to run away from growing things, but after we'd sailed along all day we came to a place where there was nothing but rocks and ice.

"'I guess we'll stop here,' I said to the captain. 'It doesn't look exactly inviting, but if we don't catch our death of rheumatism or pneumonia we ought to get cured from hay fever.'

"The captain looked sort of surprised that I'd picked out just that place for a summer resort, but I was paying him to do as I wanted, so he stopped the ship, and the next morning the sailors commenced to take our things ashore.

"Sarah was sort of disappointed when she saw the place by daylight. Not that it wasn't daylight all day and all night up there at that time of the year, but she was sleepy the night before, and hadn't taken a good look.

"'Why, I don't see any neighbours up here,' she said.

"'No,' the captain answered, 'and you won't see any wherever you look all over Greenland, unless it's Esquimaux or polar bears. Neighbours don't grow thick around these parts.'

"'But what shall I do without folks to talk to and tell them how I'm feeling to-day?' she asked.

"The captain said something that sounded like swearing, but Sarah didn't

hear, or else I'd have talked to him straight, because I won't let any man swear when my wife is around.

"Between us all we got Sarah into a rowboat, and the sailors put up our house where I told them to—right out on a point sticking out into the sea and covered with ice, where there was sure to be no hay fever.

"They put all the things we had brought to eat in the house, so if there were any polar bears around they wouldn't steal things; and, seeing there wasn't much room left in the house, they put the trunk holding our clothes underneath a stone heap in the back. And then the ship sailed away, the captain saying he'd call for us in September.

"I noticed that Sarah was uneasy all the time the men were working, and I naturally thought it was because we were going to be left alone. But just as soon as the ship started off, 'I'm glad they're gone,' she said. 'Now I can try on those things the captain's wife lent me.'

"'Well,' I thought, 'Sarah's hay fever is better if she thinks of clothes at this time.'

"But I opened the trunk and brought her a bundle marked 'For Mrs. Spencer.' There was another bundle, marked for me, and we each started to put our new clothes on.

"Mine were made of fur, and they were cut sort of queer, but I didn't think much about it till Sarah yelled out:

"'Abner, that woman sent me a pair of pants to wear!'

"Well, you should have seen my wife—leastwise no man except her husband should have seen her, because she was dressed in a fur jacket just like mine, and fur pants just like mine, too. Gracious! If Sarah hadn't been so mad it'd have been funny."

Mr. Spencer leaned back and laughed at the remembrance.

"And the captain's wife expected Mrs. Spencer to wear pants — that is, trousers?" I inquired.

"That's just what she did, and come to think about it, that's what the books say the Esquimaux women do wear; but my Sarah in a pair of furry pants, with her bonnet with feathers in it on her head and spectacles on her nose, and she the mother of three children and the grandmother of six more!

"Gracious! I was glad I was the only one to see her.

"'Abner Spencer,' she said, 'it makes me blush to look at myself. You ought to be ashamed to stand there and laugh. Dear, oh, dear,' she said, 'what do I look like?'

"Well, for the life of me I couldn't tell her, because she didn't look like anything I'd ever seen before. Do you know, I had the hardest time to keep that woman from changing back to the things she wore on the ship?

"But I saw we were taking chances enough from lumbago and quinsy sore throat as it was, so I made her keep on the things, seeing there was nobody there to see her, except me, and I'd seen her already.

"If I should tell you how we worked to get things fitted up in our house it'd take till supper-time, and there'd be no sense in it, anyway. We got things as we wanted them at last, with everything to eat, safe indoors, and the clothes we weren't wearing in the trunk under the heap of stones at the back of the house, and we had supper and went to bed dead tired out.

"It seemed foolish to go to sleep when the sun was shining, but I figured that we'd have to wait a month or two before it set, so we pulled the curtains to make it as dark as we could, and it wasn't long before we were snoring.

"The first thing we knew after that, it seemed as if an earthquake had struck us. Everything was going humpity bumpity, and there was the scariest, ripping, roaring noise, and it wasn't until I stuck my head out of the window that I saw what was the matter.

"We were afloat. Yes, sir, afloat; bobbing around on an iceberg, with the wind blowing us further and further from the land. The whole point we took for rocks covered with ice had broken off just at the back of our house, leaving our trunk under the stones behind; and there we two were!

"Knowing Sarah's nerves, I was scared to death to tell her what was the matter,

thinking she'd have a fit; but, do you know, when I saw there was no use keeping things a secret, I did tell her, and breaking the news gently, she was pleased.

"'Now,' she said, 'I'll have adventures to tell that Hills woman that'll make anything she does seem like staying at home.'

"Even when I told her that the trunk had been left behind, she didn't seem to care a bit. That woman, who, even if she was my wife, was grunting all the time from June to November every year, cheered right up to the minute she had really something to complain about.

"The wind kept blowing us south. I'd have been scared to death, floating around the way we were. But Sarah kept laughing and cooking buckwheat cakes on the oil stove, just as if nothing had happened, so I didn't have the nerve to complain.

"Every morning, as we kept floating south, I hoisted a sheet on a pole on top of the iceberg, so if a ship did happen to come our way it would see it and stop, but I didn't have much faith in it. Every day the wind kept coming from the north, and it was lucky we had on clothes like the Esquimaux wear, or we'd have been frozen stiff.

"All the time Sarah was just as happy and pleased—and a good deal more so—as if we'd been safe in our house on Main Street. What with the housekeeping and cooking to attend to, her time was pretty well taken up, but after I'd hoisted the sheet for the day, all I had to do was to write in my diary and eat my meals.

"But after all, it was sort of grand, with the sea just as blue as if someone had dumped a million bottles of bluing into it, and the wind blowing off the tops of the waves now and then, and making them look as white as napkins on a clothes-line. And the iceberg itself—that was the grandest of all; so big and solemn and white and cold.

"It made you have the shivers to look at it all, and think how small you were compared to everything around you. I used to get a sort of brooding, and then Sarah would cook me some griddle cakes and I'd feel better.

"The only living thing in sight, barring Sarah and me, were the whales. Sometimes they'd come up to the top and roll, with their sides all white and shiny, and blow little squirts of water. Sarah and I would stand in our front door and watch them.

"She used to say how nice it was not to have the wind blow her clothes around, and she began pitying the women who had to follow the styles and wear puffed-up sleeves and skirts made just so.

"She began to look better, too. When I got downhearted she'd cheer me up, and say how nice it would be if some day the wind changed a little and blew us up the river and landed us safe and sound at home.

"The iceberg was melting pretty fast though, and it wasn't more than half the size it was when we started out on it six weeks before, when one morning I saw smoke.

"'There's a steamer coming,' I shouted to Sarah, 'and we're saved.'

"'That's too bad,' she said, 'and just as we're commencing to enjoy ourselves so much, too.'

"I looked at her with my mouth open as if she was crazy, and then I made up my mind that I'd be saved whatever she thought, and I waved the sheet and yelled as loud as I could. The steamer kept coming nearer and nearer—it was a big one with three chimneys—and by and by the folks on board of it saw us and they stopped, and some men got into a boat and rowed to us.

"'What are you doing there?' the man who was steering yelled out.

"I was mad enough to say we were picking flowers, but I didn't; I told him instead that we wanted to go to New York with him.

"'Who's the man with you?' he yelled back, pointing to Sarah, who was washing dishes just as if nothing had happened.

"'That's no man; that's my wife,' I yelled back.

"You should have heard those men laugh, especially when Sarah went into the house and came out again with her bonnet tied on good and tight.

"I saw it was no time to get into a fight, so I made Sarah get into the boat, and we rowed to the steamer. All the passengers were at the rail as we came up, and they were all talking and asking questions at once.

"The ship seemed as high as a mountain, but I managed to climb up the rope ladder some way, helping Sarah at the same time, and when we got on deck one of the passengers I had been looking at because she looked as if I knew her, with a big French hat on her head and wearing foreign-looking clothes, gave a yell.

"'Why, if it ain't Mrs. Abner Spencer there in those pants,' she said. 'It's the most disgraceful sight I ever saw in all my life,' she kept on.

"Sarah wiped the sea water off her spectacles and put her hands in her pockets—oh, yes, she learned that on the iceberg—and she gave Mrs. Hills one look'—for it was Mrs. Hills coming back from Switzerland who said those things, and she answered just as quiet as if things like that happened every day:

"'I think the woman has been drinking. It's such a shame. A woman of her age, too.'

"And Sarah and Mrs. Hills haven't spoken to each other since.

"Before I went downstairs I looked back, and there was the iceberg going bibbitty bobbitty in the sea, and perhaps it's floating yet with the batter Sarah was making for cakes standing next to the stove.

"Well, we got back home safe and sound. Yes, sir; the people on board the steamer lent us some clothes to wear.

"Sarah hasn't had a nervous turn since, nor an attack of hay fever either. And I sometimes think that if people with nerves would stop doctoring and go sailing on icebergs they'd be better and the doctors would be poorer."

Mr. Spencer paused and looked at his watch.

"Why, it's nearly time for lunch," he said. "I'll be glad if you'd come up and meet my wife and take a bite with us. Only don't say anything about fur clothes, for that's the only thing she's a mite touchy about."

Popular Error about the Chest.

The Value of Deep Breathing.

The Manchester Physical Health Culture Society is an all-alive body. At its last gathering Dr. Vipont gave some useful advice to those present. He pointed out that the sides of the chest extend all round the body, to the back and sides as well as to the front. In fact, owing to the space occupied by the heart, there is a greater expanse of chest wall coming to the surface at the back than there is in front. Yet when a doctor tells a patient to rub his chest, how often that rubbing is confined to the front portion! It should really extend all the way round. The most important precaution in breathing is to breathe always through the nose, which was meant for breathing, the mouth being intended for victuals. People have no idea how much trouble they would save themselves if only they kept their mouths shut. The nose is a natural respirator, a far better and cleaner one than the artificial respirators which people wear over their mouths. The half-stupid look of a person who habitually goes about with an open mouth is not merely an indication of incorrect breathing, but points also to undeveloped brain-power; for the benefit from breathing through the nose extends even to an increase of intelligence. This has been observed in children who have had tonsils removed, enabling them to breathe correctly. It is wrong to try to stop a cough by giving cough mixtures, which nearly always contain some preparation of opium, and should, therefore, be avoided. Many children die through being given these mixtures, which stop a cough but leave phlegm to do harm in the lung. A simple linseed tea will do good, but no other preparations should be given except under a doctor's orders. The fear of draughts has killed thousands. Children should never be allowed to sleep with the windows shut. If you don't like a draught, open your window wide, for often a keen draught is harder to bear than a gale of wind.

"Medal beautifully designed."—D. Hollingworth, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE FOR THE INSIDE OF A MAN.

THE BEST LIVER TONIC ON THE MARKET. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I WAS asked the other day whether horseback-riding were a good exercise. The late Lord Palmerston, Premier of England at the epoch of the Crimean War, was a great horseback man, and he lived to be over eighty, in spite of good dinners and their appurtenances, which in the England of that time meant a good deal of such things as it takes much vigorous exercise to counteract the effects of. And Lord Palmerston—Pam, as he was called by his contemporaries — remarked, epigrammatically, that the outside of a horse was the best thing for the inside of a man. Palmerston held many opinions during his life, on politics and such trivialities, which many of his fellow-countrymen did not share, and which they even violently opposed, but not one of them, I suspect, failed to subscribe to this sentiment. England, without the horse, would have been a very different England from the one we know.

ON THE WARPATH.
One of the rebellious Zulus who is now fighting in Natal.

THE MUSIC OF THE HOOF.

The therapeutic value of the outside of a horse is that it shakes up the liver, stimulates the heart, strengthens the digestion, trains the eye, fortifies the courage, and puts power into the back and loins and into the grip of the knees. And the horse carries us out into the country, and out of ourselves. There is something glorious in a good gallop that nothing else affords. The horse likes it as well as we do, which is no small element in the matter. I recently advised a sick man to ride across the continent; I hope he did; it would save his life.

And now that women are beginning to ride astride, they may take a new interest in the exercise; it will do them twice the good it did before, not to speak of the added grace and charm it will give to their appearance. May the curse of the Prophet abide with her who invented side-saddle riding! Certainly the horse must be the most good-natured of animals to put up so long with the ridiculousness and inconvenience of it.

I learned to ride early, having been thrown from my first horse at the age of five years. But circumstances prevented me from keeping it up in later years, and I fell back on my own legs, which have brought me thus far pretty well. But all my children are natural riders, and, I suspect, prefer the naked back of the horse to saddles of any kind. Oh, the musical, rhythmical thunder of the hoofs—*Quadrupendante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum!*—and the air rushing past your face, and the glow the exhilaration and the joy of heart! There is nothing else to compare with it.

Did you ever read George Borrow's account of his first ride on an Irish horse? I will quote it for you, whether you have or not, that we may enjoy it once more together. I perceive, however, that I am already at the end of my space, so we will keep it for another time. "My kingdom for a horse," shouted Richard; and who that knows of its value would not rather have a good horse between his knees than the finest kingdom ever heard of growing restive beneath his sceptre? A man on horseback is a king and the world is his kingdom.

SHOULD BOYS PLAY GOLF?

IS the "royal and ancient game" of golf a suitable one for boys? At two schools, Loretto and Malvern, the boys have good links at their very gates. But, on the whole, the game is tabooed by the public schoolboy, who prefers, apparently, cricket and football. Whether it is because of the boys' taste, or the animus of those in authority, is discussed in the columns of the *County Gentleman*.

GOLF GIVES INDIVIDUALITY.

Cricket and football are, of course, the two games to which the energies of schoolboys in their playtime are mainly directed, and it is claimed (and again rightly claimed) for them that they are not only of value from the physical point of view as inuring boys to a certain amount of hard knocks, and giving them plenty of fresh air and vigorous exercise, but also, when considered as an excellent training for a boy in subordinating his desire to distinguish himself personally to the greater end of the success of his side. From this point of view, the claims of golf to form a part of the schoolboy's education, in the same way that cricket and football form a part of it, are certainly inferior, as the game is, in nine cases out of ten, played for an individual victory, and even in a foursome success has not to suffer materially from division. But the other side of the question at least deserves consideration, and that is, whether the discouragement of individuality, by labelling it "selfishness," is really altogether a desirable end to be attained. For one thing, at golf a boy will not always win; he will at least learn how to take a beating and to profit from it by striving to improve his game in order to succeed in defeating a player who has hitherto overcome him. But a stronger reason why individuality should not to be too rigidly curbed is that, in the large majority of instances, if a boy has to make his own way in the world, it is that very individuality which will be of the highest value to him in enabling him to lift himself from the ruck of mediocrity. And if, as is usually held to be the case, a boy's school training, both at work and at play, is intended to fit him in the best possible way for the attainment of success in after life, the power which is conferred by individuality, rightly directed, should certainly not be altogether lost sight of.

FOR THE LESS STRENUOUS.

Theoretically, then, there seems to be no large balance either in favour of or against a boy's playing golf, granted that he is an ordinarily healthy boy to whom games of all kinds come as a pleasure; but not all boys are built that way, and there is a class of boys who are not naturally fitted for the roughness, at any rate, of football. For this class it would seem that golf is a game which might be taken to with real advantage. Few would be found to deny that such a boy would derive far more benefit from playing a round of golf than from either slacking about in his study, watching other boys play games, or even from a long, aimless walk. To have something definite to do, and to do it, is certainly better for anyone, boy or man, than to be a mere looker-on or lounger.

If it be granted, then, that, if not to all, yet to some boys the game would be beneficial, it becomes of interest to discover whether boys at the public schools have, as a matter of fact, any facilities for playing the game, and if so, whether they are encouraged or not to do so. Few of our public schools have a golf course anywhere within a reasonable distance of them; and proximity is a necessity, as one of the great advantages of the game to a scholboy is that he should be able to run out and play a few holes at any time when he has even an hour to spare—too short a time for

a set game at anything else. Two schools, certainly, have good courses at their very gates—Loretto and Malvern. Loretto is right on the Musselburg links, scene of many a hard-fought championship, and golf is encouraged there, and has been ever since the school was started; and especially for boys who do not play football it is the chief winter game of the school.

MASTER *v.* BOYS.

At Malvern, too, the boys are allowed to play on the Worcestershire Club's course when accompanied by a master, and it is no uncommon thing in the winter terms to see more than one foursome composed of a master and three boys on the course. A nine-hole course of their own, round the football field, which naturally does not provide anything very exhilarating in the matter of hazards, is, nevertheless, generally pretty full of boys, but they naturally prefer to get a game on the Club's course when they have the opportunity. One result of this encouragement of the game at Malvern has been that a much larger number of boys from that school, than from any other, have found places in the Oxford and Cambridge teams of late years; and a glance through the University cricket and football teams of the last dozen years will show that the fact of golf being allowed at Malvern has certainly no evil effect on the prowess of the school at other games. At Rossall, too, there is a small golf course belonging to the school, but play is only allowed on it when other games are not in progress. At Marlborough, only boys prevented by health from joining in other games are allowed to play golf; at Christ's Hospital a few boys play, but it does not appear to have become in any way a popular game; at Westminster, St. Paul's, and Tonbridge it is not recognised as a school game at all; at Eton about one boy in ten plays golf, and each year sees an increasing number, but there are no good links anywhere near, or there would be more support given to the game; at Charterhouse and Clifton boys are allowed to play only when accompanied by a master, and ordinary school games must not be neglected for the links; and at Harrow golf is not allowed at all.

POINTS IN GOLF'S FAVOUR.

It, therefore, appears that only in a few of the large schools do any real facilities for play exist, and those only under restrictions which make it in the last degree unlikely that football and cricket can suffer from any transfer of their adherents to the links. Yet golf as a game has many advantages. It trains the eye—and the temper. It presents the delicate boy with a chance of playing *some* game, and gives him fresh air and exercise. It can be played at odd times, and a boy can play it without interfering with the hours devoted to cricket and football. And it is in this way that it will probably find its true place as a school game. As years go on, and the game becomes even more popular, it will most likely be found that a boy, while keeping cricket or football as his most important pastime, will take to golf as his secondary game. Already in the holidays numbers of boys—cricketers and footballers in term-time—play and enjoy golf, who never touch a club while they are actually at school; and, to begin young, while the muscles are yet unstiffened, is more than half the battle. And, as a final consideration, let the human boy lay it to heart that a time will come when the keenest cricketer must regretfully lay aside his bat, and the hardest devotee of football find that he begins to fall rather too heavily; but that golf, learnt simultaneously with the other games, will be an abiding and faithful friend, long after the capacity, and even the inclination, for them have departed; and provide him with healthy and invigorating exercise up to the time when his only interest in games of any kind will be to watch the performances of his grand-children, and to relate to them chronicles of his own prowess when he was their age, which, even if not strictly veracious, will, nevertheless, possess a foundation of fact upon which the completed fabric, coloured by the enchantment that distance is reported to lend. can easily be superimposed by the exercise of a still unimpaired imagination.

NOT FREE FOOD BUT PURE FOOD.

In one week recently over 103 tons of meat was condemned in the markets and slaughter-houses of London.

IN addition to this, in the same short period, rather more than ten tons of unsound food were surrendered at the wharves, including 3,100 tins of condensed milk, 750 tins of fruit pulp, a large quantity of fish and fruit in tins, and six cases of eggs.

COCOANUT OIL FOR BUTTER.

No city in England spends more money on food than London. The English wife prides herself on her shrewdness and her "bargains." But does she know what she eats? The amount of adulterated food sold in this country is appalling.

At a recent committee sitting in the House of Commons, for instance, there were given some startling revelations concerning butter. Three firms, it was stated, were at present engaged in teaching the retailer how to add foreign fats to butter. One of the articles manufactured for the express purpose of the adulteration was described as "a neutral," having neither taste nor smell, and being in one instance nothing more than a kind of purified cocoanut oil. Certain firms also offered to provide the requisite machinery for the blending of the neutral with the butter. He knew of one London firm who manufactured butter and sent it to Holland and Limerick, whence it was sent back to England and sold as fresh butter.

Quite 90 per cent. of the cases of adulteration were undetected. About 40 firms—eight of them large ones—were suspected of carrying on the wholesale adulteration of butter, but it had so far been impossible to confirm those suspicions in consequence of inability to enter the factories and see what was going on.

PRESERVED BY POISON.

Sugar, peas, pepper, and numerous other articles of food are quite frequently sold in adulterated forms notwithstanding all the efforts to put down this illegal form of trading. Poison, it has been proved, is used over and over again in the preservation of peas. The principal preservatives used to prevent food from spoiling and keep it marketable for the longest possible time are formaldehyde, a deadly poison; benzoic acid, boracic acid and saltpetre, comparatively harmless; salicylic acid, sulphurous acid, borax and benzoate of soda.

While formaldehyde is considered the most dangerous of these preservatives, any of them taken into the system regularly will produce lassitude, headache, indigestion, and nervousness. The weight and the power of mental concentration will also be reduced by their use.

SOME SIMPLE TESTS.

The housewife who uses her reasoning powers can detect many adulterations without the aid of microscope or chemical apparatus. For instance, let her recall the days when her mother or grandmother made tomato catsup. Was it vivid crimson, vermilion in tint? Not at all! It was a dull reddish brown. That was true tomato colour when cooked and spiced. Then let her look at the average bottled catsup to-day. That brilliant red tint means tomato pulp, manufactured by the ton in an American city, distributed the country over to manufacturers of catsup, who colour and flavour it to please the public eye, not to tickle the tired digestion. Aniline dye for the pretty colour, acetic and other acids for the sharp taste.

Then take sugar. Pure sugar shows a crystalline formation. Every tiny crystal should stand alone—and melt. If the sugar you are buying contains terra alba, or white earth, part will dissolve in water

and part will fall to the bottom of the vessel, a chalky sediment.

In testing ground or pulverised coffee drop a sample on your moist hand. Chicory dissolves at once in the moisture. The coffee will not.

The difficulty is that the present fines do not seem to have the slightest effect in putting an end to this persistent adulteration. The profits are so large that the fines don't count. Take a recent case, by way of example, where a sample of pepper was found on analysis to contain 20 per cent. of husks instead of the maximum of 3 per cent. allowed by law. A wholesale firm guilty of this particular fraud would make some £20 a ton illegitimate profit, and if, say, 100 tons of pepper were thus treated in the course of a year, a profit of £2,000 would result. It is well worth while, therefore, to run the risk of what would be looked on by the public as a heavy fine, because the fine only represents a small percentage of the annual profit.

In the case of the vendor of unsound food the law appears to be strict enough, but the application of it is frequently lax. The wholesaler in Smithfield found in possession of an unsound carcase is frequently sentenced to imprisonment without the option of a fine, but a money payment is frequently all that is exacted from the confectioner who habitually uses bad eggs and rancid butter in the manufacture of his wares. In a more primitive state of society such a man might be brought into closer contact than he would care for with his own eggs and butter, but to-day we are too matter-of-fact for the poetic justice of our forefathers to appeal to us. We fall back on the humanitarian method of fining the delinquent, with the result that he continues his practices and makes a profit out of his villainy.

Cigars are given out to soldiers in the Italian army as part of their daily rations.

The average birth-rate for Europe shows that for every 100 girls 106 boys are born.

A lion is little more than half as strong as a tiger. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to hold a tiger.

Duelling is made a safe pastime by a French inventor, who has provided a bullet of chalk, that leaves only a mark where it hits.

Pure Air and Health.

To *The Trade Protection Journal* for April, Dr. Hadwen, of Gloucester, contributes an article on "The Value of Plant Life," under the head of "Health Notes for Business Men." In the course of the article Dr. Hadwen remarks :—

"The anxiety in these days to use up every available piece of ground for building purposes, and the allotment of a minimum amount of open space to yard or garden, is purchasing gold at the expense of health. The temptation is great in a district of expensive land values, and every possible means should be taken to balance the evil by careful attention to remedial principles. Dwelling rooms should be redolent of plant life; tables should be decorated with flowers and ferns; shrubs should be planted in vacant spaces outside, and everywhere possible our valuable help-meets of the vegetable world should be accommodated.

"The lesson of the value of pure air is but a recent discovery, and even now is but imperfectly taught; thousands of lives are lost annually through lack of attention to its wholesome warnings. In many business houses, almost the only entrance for fresh air is through the front door, and the exit for foul air lies in the same quarter. It requires no scientific explanation to enable anyone to see that pure air within is out of the question. The inmates are continually re-breathing some of the foul air they have already expired, and it is not to be wondered at if shopmen and shopwomen become pale and anæmic, and lose their vigour and tone under such conditions.

"It is, of course, impossible in these circumstances to expect health equal to that of a person accustomed to an outdoor life, for, however well ventilated an apartment might be, the air could never be equivalent to that found in open spaces. But something can be done by way of remedy. A certain time daily should be spent right away from the house or shop or office in the neighbourhood where tall trees lift themselves to the sunlight, and shrubs turn the shining faces of their leaves toward the sky. And a week-end in the outskirts of the town, or deeper still in the heart of the country or by the sea, will act as an exhauster to clear the foul air from the lungs and to invigorate them with renewed life. It is not a mere 'change' that is needed—often from one bad condition to another equally bad or worse; but the real need is for fresh, pure air distilled in the great workshop of Nature, where plant-life claims its liberty, and where the fresh green verdure speaks of health and hope."

A modern scientist has discovered that mental activity enhances physical beauty, thus controverting an old theory. He says: "A handsome man, or woman either, who does nothing but live well or self-indulgently, grows flabby, and all the fine lines of the features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor always at work keeping his fine lines in repair and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

THE STRONG, STRENUOUS, PURPOSEFUL TEUTON.

A Nation that is Winning against the World.

THERE is no suggestion of either physical or mental deterioration about the German nation. The coldly scientific Teuton mind took steps years ago to prevent that. From his school days the German boy is taught not only to take care of his body, but how to do it, and the result is that the nation is to-day showing a virility of thought and action, a steadfastness of purpose, and a mental vigour and range of observation that is a menace to the rest of the world.

If ever there were an evidence wanted of the value of physical training in the general plan of education, it is to be found in the German people. At home and abroad the German is forging ahead, looking the world gravely in the face, dominated always by one thought, one idea, *Deutschland über Alles*. In London it is estimated that there are at least 70,000 Germans engaged in trade, and studying and learning all that we can teach them. In New York they form something like 25 per cent.—a quarter—of the whole population, and are steadily increasing in numbers and influence. Some day every patriotic German believes that in the great German Empire will be fused Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and, perhaps, Denmark.

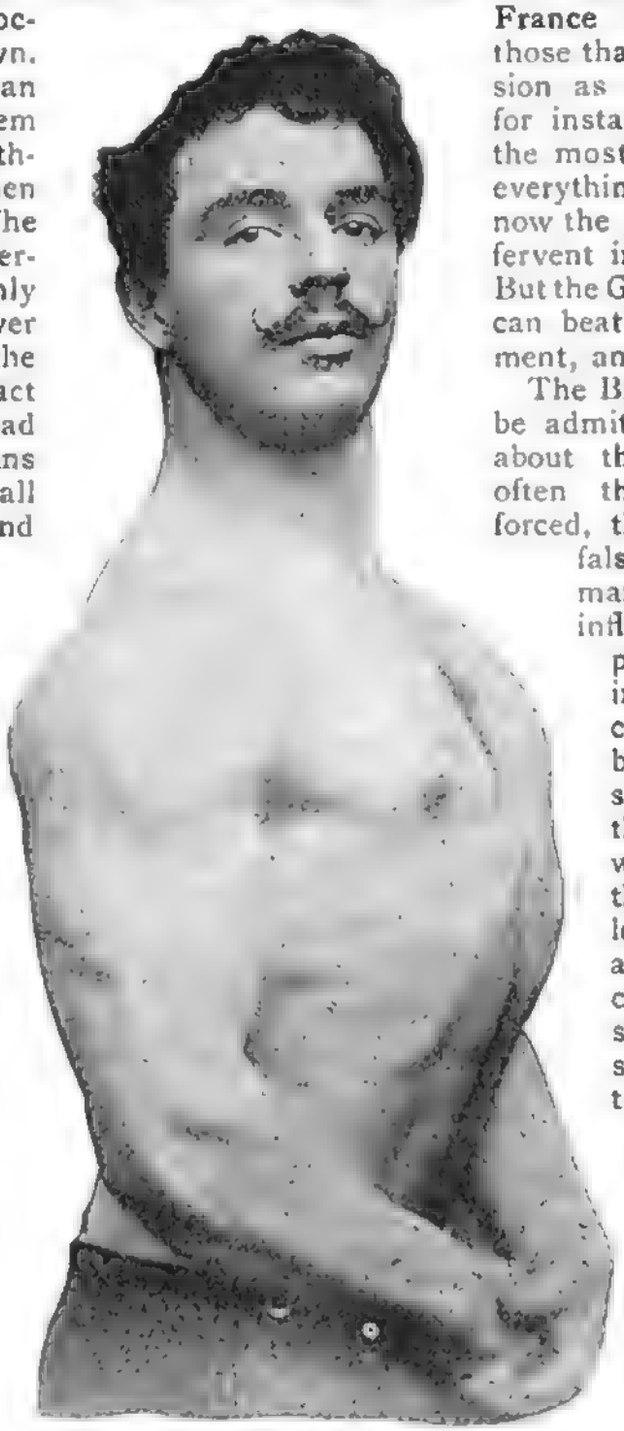
There are 56,000,000 of people in the present German Empire, excluding colonies, dependencies, and so forth. With the addition of Austria proper alone—and the death of Franz Joseph will probably see that addition—the German would most likely be too strong for any practical and forceful move against them. There may be those who look upon the possibility of this great German confederation as absurd, but it must be remembered that the Germans are the political chess champions of the world, subtle in their methods, acute in their perceptions, and relentless in the achievement of their object. They have out-generalled everybody in diplomacy, and they have not known a diplomatic reverse for years. They won their point over Samoa; they wanted the Carolines, and got them; they sought a position in South-West Africa, and have it; and they certainly scored in recent conference at Algeciras. They are as tireless, as persistent, as self-confident as their own Kaiser. With them patriotism is an obsession, amounting almost to a mania.

They send vessels to every maritime country, and have practically elbowed England out of the North Atlantic carrying trade. They go, as Mr. Chas. E. Russell has pointed out in a magazine article, into Southampton and take the cream of the Eastern trade from under our very noses. They go to India and Australia and crowd us out of our own markets. They flood our country with their goods, they carry our countrymen abroad, while, at the head of all, is the German Government urging, encouraging, advising, pushing.

Behind the Government, again, is the wonderful man (however much we may ridicule him), the German Emperor, whose magnetic personality galvanises every movement, industrial or otherwise, for the good of Germany. The Kaiser studies and watches the trade statistics, and gives to the Germanic movement all the benefit of his sanguine temperament and ineradicable enthusiasm. It is a well-known fact that when the Kaiser advised all Germans, for commercial reasons, to learn English, the demand for English text-books was so great that the booksellers could scarcely meet the supply. Whenever it is possible to insert a German wedge in any part of the world, the Kaiser sees that it is inserted. As Mr. Russell says in his article: "First comes a German steamship carrying German goods, then a German house sets up a branch, then other German houses come in, then there is a German consul in that part, and in ten years the place is saturated with Teutonism."

Here is a characteristic incident of German methods when necessary. The French and the Germans came together in the Congo. The French had a post there that was regarded very highly by both parties. One night there was a fight down there. How it occurred will never be known. The French say a German force came down upon them at night, attacked them without reason, killing four men and wounding three. The Germans have another version and say they acted only in self-defence. Whatever be the true version of the affair, the indubitable fact remains that the French had the post, and the Germans have it now, in spite of all the threats, negotiation, and murmurings.

The great factor, however, in the German advance is the power of a carefully manipulated press. It has not escaped, says Mr. Russell, the attention of German statesmen that, in these days, the real government is the world's opinion and that the world's opinion is formed by the world's newspapers. They know that as well as anybody knows it. The press in Germany they can look after with ease, not merely because the press privileges there are very narrowly restricted by law, but, what is much more to the purpose, because of an expertly directed influence exerted over the columns of every German newspaper. Intelligent observers have often marvelled at the way the English press is controlled to further the ends of England's international interests, no matter which party may be in power. For example, the Government having concluded that it is for the best interests of England to frighten Germany by affecting a partiality for France, the entire press, Liberal, Conservative, Radical, and Socialistic, breaks out into elaborate eulogies of France and the French; those that on such an occasion as the Dreyfus trial, for instance, had exhibited the most violent hatred for everything French, being now the most eloquent and fervent in chanting praises. But the German Government can beat such an achievement, and not half try.



HENRY SCHNEIDER.
A Magnificent Specimen of Muscular Manhood, who has won many Wrestling and Weight-lifting Competitions.

The British press, it must be admitted, is not skilful about these things. Too often the praise sounds forced, the welcome has a false ring. The German Government can influence the German press to say things in a way that carries conviction. That is because the editors scarcely suspect that they are being led, which is, after all, the highest art of leadership. In such a case as the Morocco controversy, for instance, the rapid subsidence of the tone of German newspapers comment from truculent to urbane was effected in twenty-four hours, and without once revealing the strings that were pulled or the hand or person that pulled them.

Moreover, the British Government can, as a rule, influence only the newspapers in Great Britain; the German plan is to influence the newspapers of the world so far as German affairs and

interests are concerned. This seems, at first thought, a merely grotesque fantasy; in reality, it is not fantastic nor even difficult. The centre for German news is Berlin. The news that is sent out from Berlin flows through certain well-defined and recognised channels. Five or six news bureaus supply the bulk of the correspondence for all the newspapers of the world. Of all the despatches or letters from Berlin, printed day by day in all the countries of the world, from end to end and in every language, nine-tenths are furnished by these news bureaus. A despatch written by one man and sent out of Berlin by a bureau to-night, is to-morrow printed in practically every newspaper in Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand. It has been translated into French, and appears simultaneously in every French newspaper. It is to be seen in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Siberia, Japan, Hong Kong. People in San Francisco are reading it eight hours after it has been discussed and digested in every café of Vienna. It goes to South America and India; it is published wherever newspapers are read. The man that writes it has an audience of untold millions. With one sentence he can influence the opinions or arouse the resentment of the world. Nobody knows who he is or where he got his information, nor by what subtle means his writing may have been coloured. There is his work in sober convincing black and white before the world. Apparently it tells only the admitted and unquestionable truth. No man stops to question it nor to examine it too curiously. On the basis of that despatch, and not on what any editor may say to refute or mitigate it, the world makes up its mind as to the matter with which the despatch deals. And in the history of mankind there has been no such power as this.

Consistent Lady Golfer.

For the second time in succession Miss May Hézlitt has won the Golf Championship of Ireland, with her sister as runner-up. This last victory makes the fourth championship in all that Miss Hézlitt has placed to her credit.

Male Beauty Competition.

A remarkable feature of the beauty competition, at the Health, Beauty and Toilet Exhibition in the Grafton Galleries, now being held, is that there are more entrants for the male section than the female.

To a representative of the *Daily Express*, Mrs. Ada Ballin, the organiser of the competition, said:—

"I have now ten men's photographs to every woman's. They are not all handsome by any means, but they are all anxious to impress me with the fact of their good looks.

"I have had the most amusing letters to assist my judgment. One man wrote especially to ask me not to allow my husband to compete, as he might spoil the chance of the others. Another competitor informed me that his features are marble and his hair golden."

Proud mothers, who have brought up their children under Mrs. Ballin's guiding influence, are now eagerly competing for a prize, and many beautiful babies have been photographed during the last few weeks.

The latest American idea is the "sleeping porch." In the case of houses already provided with an upstairs porch, the adaptation of the same for sleeping purposes is comparatively easy. The porch is provided with a small bed or cot, and with screens which can be arranged so as to allow the fullest circulation of air, and at the same time ensure the necessary privacy. There is usually a canvas roof, which can be drawn close to the side of the house on a clear night, or pulled down overhead when it rains. The idea is not a bad one, by any means; but for most people opening the windows of the bedroom as wide as possible will probably serve the purpose very well.

We can produce such a chemical change in our organism by improved thought that it can be detected by those around us.

There is no positive material remedy known to the professor that will permanently cure any known disease.

The best method of gaining a high reputation is to be what you appear to be.

Impression firmly fixed in the mind, and long cherished, are erased with great difficulty. How important, then, that they should be good ones

"Am highly pleased with Fellowship Medal."—G. Fotherington, 20, Barrack Street, Hamilton.

JAPS ARE GREAT WALKERS.

Little Bronzed Legs with Muscles of Steel.

THE Japanese "Bobby," as the British Tommy Atkins calls the little fighting man of the Mikado, is a great singer after his fashion. Whether he is tugging at the trail ropes of a 3.2-inch Hotchkiss on a rocky, slippery, frozen mountain path or hiking along thirty miles a day with fifty pounds of weight on him, he relieves the monotony of the business with a burst of song, of which a free translation is as follows:—

Our gracious sovereign
Shall reign a thousand years,
Until the little pebble
Grows into a mighty rock
Covered with ancient moss.

"Bobby" is the most cheerful and willing marcher that ever carried a knapsack and a gun. With good roads everywhere it is only natural that the Japanese should have taken to pedestrianism. Generation after generation of long distance walkers in Japan have evolved the Japanese soldier of the twentieth century, who astounds the European experts by his marching.

If you have ever carried a ten-pound rifle, a twenty-pound knapsack, and a cartridge belt full of ammunition, haversack and canteen, aggregating a total of fifty pounds, on a long march, you know what it is—and if you have not had the experience, words cannot give a proper idea of it to you.

The first five miles are comparatively easy. The next five are hard, the next distressing, and then it becomes torture, but not to "Bobby." His pedestrian ancestors have bequeathed him a pair of superb legs, with muscles like steel, and the most marvellous wind. Infantry companies travel stretches of five miles at the double-quick just for fun.

In all campaigns of European and American armies it has been impossible to make the infantry soldier carry his knapsack when it tires him on a forced march. The line of march of European troops is always strewn with knapsacks discarded by exhausted infantry soldiers.

Such is not the case with the Japanese army. "Bobby" never throws his knapsack away. No matter how fast he has to travel, nor how far, it stays on his back until he goes into camp.

"Bobby" has no little contempt for his brother the cavalryman. He knows that after a month or two of campaigning he will be able to outmarch the cavalryman and leave him far behind.

The cavalry may clatter bravely forward for the first few weeks, but that is all. Then the horses begin to go lame, get sore backs, and break down.

The Japanese "Bobby" laughs at the troubles of the cavalryman, for he knows no troubles of any kind himself. Even his feet do not give him any serious trouble. If his shoes become painful, or wear out, he puts on a pair of straw sandals and then he is comfortable, and able to march even better than before.

Commissary carts, with several weeks' supply of rations, accompany each battalion. These carts are drawn by ponies, but there are a number of coolies with every cart, and if the horses break down the coolies are able to pull the carts quite as well. The coolie is the man behind the gun in the Japanese army, and always ensures a good dinner when camp is reached.

Shelter tents are carried by the men for emergency purposes, but are seldom used, as the commissary carts are generally at hand with the large tents, each of which houses some twenty men. The diet of the Japanese soldier is a simple one, consisting largely of rice, beans, dried fish, and salt vegetable pickles, washed down with tea *ad libitum*.

It is surprising how cheerful the Japanese "Bobby" keeps under the monotonous conditions of campaigning. He is, in common with all Japanese people, the possessor of a wonderful inborn philosophy, a certain quality of

mind which enables him not only to meet any crisis with calmness and power, but to endure with patient resignation, and even cheerfulness, those long periods of watching and waiting in camps and fortified places that are the most trying experiences of a soldier in warfare.

To while away the time "Bobby" has a variety of sports and pastimes. Of the more strenuous forms of sport he is most given to fencing and wrestling.

The fencing practice in the Japanese army is done with bamboo staves, which are wielded with both hands. The combatants wear wadded armour and masks for protection.

The system of attack and defence is elaborate, and much training is required to attain proficiency. European experts declare that the Japanese fencer is the most formidable adversary in the world.

Wrestling is a favourite sport, and one in which all soldiers exhibit wonderful skill. Wrestling matches between the champions of different regiments are the great sporting events of the year in the Japanese Army.

The most popular pastime of the soldier in the field is playing "hanna-awase," a Japanese game of cards, not unlike whist. The cards are forty-eight in number. It is more complicated than whist and more difficult to master.

The game of "go," or Japanese dominoes, is also dear to the heart of the Japanese "Bobby." "Go" is played on a board ruled off into a hundred little squares. Small black and white stones, cut into little discs, are used to fill the squares. The rules of the game appear quite complicated to the foreigner. "Shoji," or Japanese chess, also is a popular game.

The Japanese camps impress the foreigner as being very clean and orderly. There is a marked absence of the drunkenness and boisterous conduct so common in the camps of European armies. Yet the Japanese "Bobby" is fond of his sake. The discipline is so strict that "Bobby" does not dare to indulge his taste for sake except on rare occasions.

In the evening, when circumstances permit, and the weather is pleasant, the men gather round the camp fire and sing the quaint monotonous Japanese folk-songs. Perhaps some man in the company has a samisen, if so, the instrument is brought forth, and to its twanging accompaniment they chant the old songs, which tell of the deeds of heroes of old Japan and of the beauties of nature.

As there is no profanity in the Japanese language, the Japanese soldier is not profane, in which respect he differs from almost every other soldier in the world.

The war-cry of the Japanese soldier, when he charges the enemy, is "Nihon banjai," which means "Japan forever."

Fitz. takes a Farm.

Robt. Fitzsimmons has purchased a farm of seventeen acres, and is about to establish a health resort on it. It will consist of three large buildings, containing fifty bedrooms; there will be a gymnasium, swimming pond, bowling alleys, a golf course, and numerous other inducements to muscle and health. He states positively that no liquor or tobacco will be allowed in any portion of the premises.

All Eyes on Athens.

In a few days' time the Olympian games will be in full swing at Athens, and the pick of the world's athletes will be engaged in competition. Up to the present, the British representatives have not met with any very large measure of success at these gatherings, and it looks this year again as if Americans are likely to shine more brightly—in the athletic events at least—than the English stars.

For the Channel Swim.

J. Woolf, of the Amateur Swimming Club, is gradually getting himself fit for his attempt next season to swim to the French shore. He intends going to Brighton in the early part of the season, and will finish with some three weeks at Dover. He has engaged that painstaking professional, Walter Buckett, as trainer.

The Treatment for Baldness 6,000 years ago.

Here is an ancient remedy for baldness found in an Egyptian papyrus. It was used by the mother of King Chata, the second sovereign of the first dynasty, who lived 4,000 years before our era. The prescription reads as follows: A mixture of dogs' paws, of dates, and of asses' hoofs, ground and boiled in oil. One had to rub the scalp vigorously with this remedy.

"The Medal is a little beauty."—Peter Joyce, 5, Petershill Road, Springburn, Glasgow.

INSURANCE MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS.

WHEN a man has made up his mind to take out a life policy and has filled up the needful form of proposal, the next step is to get examined by the company's medical officer. It is obviously necessary that due regard should be paid to the state of health of the person wishing to assure. It would not be right, for instance, to charge the same rate of premium for a life that cannot be regarded as first-class as for a life that is perfectly healthy: neither would it be right to take a person who, on account of some personal defect, such as a weak heart, can only be expected to live a few years, on the same terms as another person of a similar age who may be expected to live for many years more. Hence the need for a medical examination, says *T.P.'s Weekly*.

CURIOUS TESTS.

In the early days of life assurance, it was not usual to have a report of a doctor, but the directors themselves judged of the fitness of an applicant without the assistance of professional advice. The prospective insurer had to appear in person before the board of directors. On some occasions this was evidently an ordeal, for we hear stories of persons having to hop round the room for ten minutes without stopping to take breath, and of others, who were doubtless rather stout, having to vault the board-room table, as a test of activity and health. De Quincey tells us, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," that he was declined by no fewer than fourteen offices in succession on the ground of his having owned that he was an opium-eater. He says also: "The insurance was of very little consequence to myself, though involving some interest to others." More than sixty years ago a young man who was a teetotaler applied to a certain office for a life policy. The directors, however, considered that his life was below the average because he did not take alcohol. They would, therefore, only grant a policy on condition that an increased rate of premium was paid. Since that time opinion has so changed that total abstainers can now obtain special advantages.

SOME QUESTIONS.

The questions asked by the medical examiner have often been made much fun of, and have, from time to time, been caricatured. For instance, the following questions are reported (we need hardly say erroneously) to have been asked:

Have you ever had measles, and, if so, how many?

Have you ever committed suicide, and, if so, how did it affect you?

As a matter of fact, the questions actually asked are quite ordinary, and are much what you would expect your own doctor to ask you if you had occasion to consult him as to your state of health. They include inquiries as to the condition of the various organs of the body as to height, weight, etc., and as to any illness in the past. Some people have an unnecessary dread of the medical examination. This is quite uncalled for. If the applicant is thoroughly healthy he should welcome the stringency of the examination. If, on the other hand, he has not a first-class record, but is somewhat below the average, he cannot expect to pay the average rate of premium.

THE SELECTION OF GOOD LIVES.

The practice of different offices varies considerably, some being more strict than others. Some decline all but absolutely first-class lives; others are willing to take second-class lives at an increased rate of premium. If, therefore, an applicant is declined by one office, he should not on that account give up the attempt to secure a policy, but should try elsewhere. If, however, he has been declined or rated-up by any office, he will have to disclose the facts when making a subsequent proposal. From the point of view of the insurance company, the selection of good lives is very important, as a favourable mortality experience is one of the chief factors that

promote the prosperity of an office. From the point of view of the applicant the examination should be a source of satisfaction. It is good to know that one is in first-rate condition, if such is the case; it is also well to know if anything is wrong, so that one may either undergo treatment or alter one's way of living. Some people make a point of being examined periodically.

POLICIES WITHOUT AN EXAMINATION.

The fee for the medical examination is usually paid by the office, and the report becomes their property. The information thus obtained is treated with the same confidence as that supplied to one's own doctor. The decision of the directors largely depends upon the medical report. It also depends, to some extent, upon the particular kind of policy required. It may, for example, be quite safe to accept a proposal for an endowment assurance, payable at a fixed age or previous death, at the tabular rate of premium, when a proposal for a whole-life policy from the same person might require some addition to the premium. Everything hangs upon the probable duration of the particular life in question. If insurance were universal it might be possible to dispense with the medical examination, and even now some offices grant policies without an examination. In such cases, however, the benefits granted are not usually the same as when there is a medical report.

Typhoid as a Preventable Disease.

Typhoid fever is said by physicians to be a preventable disease due to filth; and it is asserted that every case of typhoid is an accusation of negligence against somebody. Typhoid germs can be taken into the system in milk, in water, from fruit, or from raw vegetables, such as radishes, tomatoes, cabbage cut up in salad, etc. With so many sources of infection it would be difficult to convince a jury that a victim received the germs of disease from any particular source.

Each has a great work to fulfil and a great salvation to be won. It is our duty to see to it that our daily lives are strictly governed by the principles we hold and the faith we profess; to make our personalities such that we shall ever be an inspiration to those about us; to be as great when we are in the crowded world as we are in the sanctity of our solitude.—J. S. F. Mutter (in *Light of Reason*).

Nervousness.

Very frequently we hear people say, "Doctor, there is nothing the matter with me, only I'm nervous," or, "I am perfectly well every other way, but I cannot sleep. If I could just get rid of this nervousness and sleeplessness I would be all right." Patients seem to think that these conditions are due simply to some disturbance of the nervous system, and if they can only get something that will tone up the nerves, or quiet them down, they will be all right.

Dr. Moran says: Disorders of the nervous system do not usually spring up independent of the condition of other organs of the body. In fact, the great majority of nervous symptoms from which people commonly suffer are caused reflexly from the disordered state of some other organ of the body, and in order to secure permanent relief, the cause of the irritation must be sought out and removed.

While there are many factors in the cause of the greatly increasing amount of nervousness within recent years, we are convinced that the great majority of such ills are due to a disordered state of the organs of digestion. In every case of indigestion the food is, to a greater or less extent, converted into poisons which are absorbed into the blood, producing a morbid condition of the brain and nerves. It is evident, then, if one is to get rid of these unpleasant symptoms, there must be something more than simply palliative treatment. There must be such a regulation of the diet and the habits of life, together with well-directed treatment, as will entirely remove the cause of these morbid conditions.

Don't Talk of Your Health.

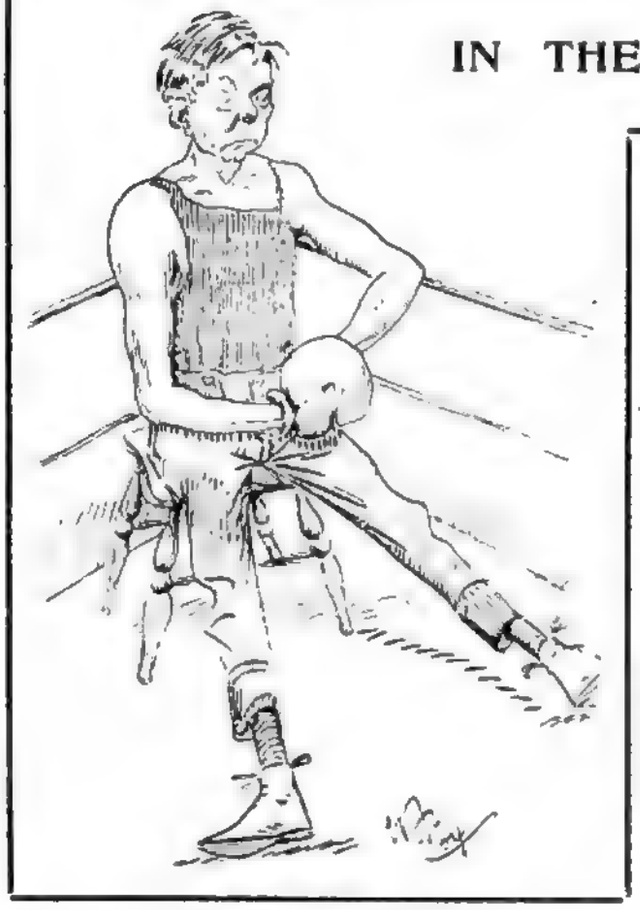
If you are not well, don't talk about it.

To do so only exaggerates your consciousness of physical discomfort. Also, it casts a shadow of gloom over other people. They grow hesitant about asking you how you feel; it gives them cold chills to be continually told that you are "not very well," or "not so well," or "about the same."

Do you know that a good deal of this is imagination? If you braced up and told people cheerily that you felt tip-top, nine chances in ten you would feel tip-top pretty soon. You'd forget the ailing habit.

Don't let yourself become a slave to such a miserable little absorber of health and happiness as the perpetual habit of "not feeling well."

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.



How Kramer Trains.

Frank Kramer, the speedy American cyclist, trains on the most austere lines, says *Cycling*. Here are his cast-iron rules: Punctually at 7 a.m. the American leaves his bed and indulges in half an hour's massage, after which he has half an hour for dressing. Breakfast at 8 a.m., consists of two or three new-laid eggs boiled very lightly and mixed up in a glass. Tea or coffee, with plenty of new milk and stale bread and butter, completes the menu. At 10.30, from five to ten miles all out, with a couple of dashes thrown in; then massage from 11 to 12. Dinner at 12.30 p.m., giving underdone steaks preference, but abstaining from alcohol. He eats fruit in abundance, and has been seen to consume three fairly large ices. Rest from 1 to 2, after which track work from 2.30 to 3, including one or two miles starting all out from the mark, then a few laps easy, after which another lap all out. Sometimes two or three sprints against the watch are indulged in, followed by another hour's massage, completing the day's work. Dinner No. 2 at 6.30, consisting of a cut from the joint, chicken, rice puddings, and weak tea. Billiards and music until 9.30, and then sweet repose.

The Yorkshire Road Club.

With a membership of 333, a satisfactory cash balance at the bank, and five challenge trophies which have been presented for competition, the flourishing northern organisation which has now adopted the title of the Yorkshire Road Club and Records Association holds an enviable position. Its handbook is one of the bulkiest of the year, extending to over 100 pages, and containing much useful information to riders in the broad-acred shire.

Indoor Cycling Finishes.

The Paris indoor racing season has been successfully closed by a series of interesting events under the patronage of M. Barbier, the President of the Conseil General. With the exception of Frank Kramer, the American champion, every Continental sprinter of note put in an appearance, additional interest being centred in the Grand Prix owing to the fact that Gabriel Poulain, the world's champion, was making his re-appearance in individual competition. Last Sunday week he, along with Emile Friol, was defeated by Ellegaard and Van den Born in a tandem match, and as Poulain was very dissatisfied with the result he announced his intention of taking a strong revenge, and this he did, beating his rivals more by skill than speed.

610 Not Out (?)

Doubt—and not without good reason—is being cast on the phenomenal score of 1,009, in which C. Calleson is credited with six hundred and ten (not out). It is said that lost balls were run for, and it is singular that the notice appeared in an Adelaide paper, whereas the Melbourne organs have no record of the same.

Mistress of Many Sports.

Miss Dorothea K. Douglass is, with the single exception of the famous American champion, Miss May Sutton, the world's most brilliant lady tennis player. She is also a first-class Badminton player, is a Middlesex county hockey representative; she cycles, skates, and motors, golfs, and is a famous pedestrian. She scarcely ever enters a train or 'bus, is a first-class skater, and the prizes and trophies she has won are innumerable. She is a real child of Nature, and the first all-round lady athlete.

New Sprinting Star.

Dougherty is a new American sprinter, who is by many expected to yet become a champion. Dougherty is a small man, and equipped for the track, measures a scant five feet six inches. His quickness in getting away at the report of the gun, however, has made him a decided factor in the track situation, and many good judges expect him to become the fastest man in America. During the track season last year Dougherty made a record of ten seconds for the hundred yards, although not in the best condition at the time.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto. and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Rheumatic Fever and Asthma Cured.

Barracks, Ayr, N.B.

SIR,—I am taking the pleasure of writing to you for the first time to thank you for the benefit I have derived by following your system. A little over two years ago I had a bad attack of rheumatic fever, which I am pleased to say has not troubled me since. I was also subjected to asthma, which has also completely disappeared. I feel better every day, and can never say enough for the benefits I have gained from your system.

MEASUREMENTS.

Age, 20 years.		Fore arm	10½ inches.
Weight	9 st. 7 lbs.	Waist	28½ "
Height ...	5 ft. 5½ inches.	Hips	34½ "
Chest (nor.) ...	34½ "	Thigh	20 "
Chest (exp.)	39 "	Calf	14 "
Upper arm ...	12½ "		

ARTHUR E. HENDERSON.

Better than Medicine.

Finsbury Park, N.

SIR,—I send you my experience of Physical Culture for your Readers' Club.

At an early age I was very weak, and had an attack of diphtheria. The doctor said it had left me with a weak heart, and I was not to have any violent exercise. While at school, however, I soon began to grow strong, and went in for all sorts of outdoor games, such as cricket and football, running, rowing and swimming. Now I am following your system with Grip Dumb-bells, combined with cycling and running, being a member of the Isledon Harriers, Wood Green, N. Your magazine is read by most of the members.

STANLEY WALLINGTON.

His Inspiration.

Limerick.

SIR,—I have been a physical culturist and a reader of your magazine for about two years. I was always fairly healthy, although my occupation is indoor office work for at least ten hours a day. Before taking up Physical Culture I was, however, subject to weakness in the back and limbs. But I am pleased to say that I am now quite strong.

I have transformed my exercise room into a picture-gallery by cutting the photos. off the covers of the magazines and framing them, so that by looking at them when doing my exercises it encourages me to put more grit into my work. I advise readers to try this idea.

MEASUREMENTS.

Weight	11 st. 4 lbs.	Chest (exp.)	42 inches.
Height ...	5 ft. 7 inches.	Waist	29 "
Neck	16 "	Hips	37 "
Biceps (R) ...	15 "	Thigh (R) ...	22 "
Biceps (L) ...	14½ "	Thigh (L) ...	21½ "
Fore arm (R)	13 "	Calf (R)	15 "
Fore arm (L)	12½ "	Calf (L)	15 "
Wrist	7½ "	Ankle	9 "
Chest (nor.) ...	39 "		

J. J. WALSH.

An Aid to the Deaf.

Brighton.

SIR,—It was while reading a letter on your "Readers' Club" page re "Physical Culture as a cure for deafness," that I thought you would like to hear my experience.

I am 21 years old, and have been deaf for about fourteen or fifteen years. I have tried numerous advertisements for a cure, but have had no benefit from any of them. One day, about four months ago, I bought a pair of 2-lb. dumb-bells. I had a fancy that Physical Culture might perhaps partially cure me, for I don't think I shall ever be absolutely cured, as it is of long standing. Before I bought these dumb-bells I could hardly hear our clock tick, which is old-fashioned, and, so my father says, is a loud ticker, but I could not hear it tick much. I have done some exercises with the dumb-bells, and made slow improvement in development, while I can also hear our clock tick ever so much louder now; so perhaps, if I keep up the exercises, I might hear better still. I may also add that my face was all pimply before I started, but now it is gradually getting clearer, thanks to Physical Culture. I should certainly advise any of your readers who are in the same plight as myself to try Physical Culture, for if it did not cure them quite, I am sure they would make some improvement, and it would do them more good than harm.

"A BRIGHTONIAN."

From Out the Grave.

Portsmouth.

Sir,—For the benefit of your "Readers' Club," I venture to send you my personal experience in the quest for strength, and to say that it has not been in vain.

Before I gave the slightest thought to Physical Culture, I was considered to be a weakly, below-the-average kind of individual, not worth a second thought. At one time I was given *six months* to live, at the outside. That was *twelve years ago*, and I'm still alive and kicking.

Anyhow, I joined the service when I was eighteen, and have slowly but surely gained in health, strength and physique.

One day in 1900, I was ashore in Malta, and passing along Strada Reale I saw your book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It," for sale. I speculated 2s. 6d. and bought it (and have never regretted doing so). I read it carefully through, over and over again, and then I bought dumb-bells and used them as directed. Went into partnership with a chum who bought your Developer, and worked together night after night in the open air, with the moon and stars for our illuminant. At times we had a few chaps join up with the "strong men," as we were sometimes called, but their ardour did not last very long, and we were left to plod along by ourselves. When we began to feel a bit strong, we bought a punching-ball, a set of boxing gloves, and a book on boxing, and combined our exercises with a little boxing, at which we soon became fairly proficient. So we continued until the ship was paid off, and our ways then parted.

Finding I was not such a duffer after all, I worked hard and went through for gymnastic instructor at Aldershot, coming away with a "First." Since then I have gone in for sports a little, winning a prize in everything for which I entered. I give a few of them to let you see:—

1st prize, Swimming Race. (Ship.)
1st ,, Sabre *v.* Sabre (Novices). Aldershot.
1st ,, Bayonet *v.* Bayonet (Novices). Aldershot.
1st ,, Bayonet *v.* Bayonet (N.C.O.'s). Aldershot.
1st ,, Obstacle Race (open). Deal.
2nd ,, High Jump. Deal.
2nd ,, Long Jump. Deal.
1st ,, High Jump (Headquarters). Portsmouth.
1st ,, Long Jump (Headquarters). Portsmouth.
2nd ,, Long Jump (Garrison Sports). Portsmouth.

I have also won two wrestling contests with an opponent 1½ stone heavier, and also much stronger than myself. This is not so bad for one who was considered to have one foot in the grave, is it?

W. R. Spencer.

One Who Helps Others.

Hyde.

Sir,—Seeing that you allow readers to send in their experiences, I should like to give you mine. The reason for taking up Physical Culture was because I suffered from a weak stomach, inflammation, and twisting of the bowels. I was given up twice in the last illness; but it seems I was intended to kick a bit longer, which I intend to do.

I will now tell you how I go on at home. I take your Dumb-bells and Chest Expander exercises one night and the Developer the next. When I go upstairs to use them, they say at home, "There goes Sandow." One day last week my mother was talking to a doctor who is looking after my sister. He asked her how we all were, and she said, "All right, except one" (meaning me). He wanted to know what was wrong with me, and she said I had taken your system up, and would not eat meat. He said I was a fool, and would spoil my constitution in twelve months. I have got three of my mates to take up your system, also to give up smoking and drinking.

H. Horrocks.

Hairdressers, Please Note.

Aston Manor.

Sir,—Seeing so many startling experiences in your S.M.R.C., I thought I would like to send you mine. I am a hairdresser by trade, and it being a very sedentary occupation, I used to suffer with constipation until about twelve months ago, when I was advised to take a course of Physical Culture. So I took to a course of the Sandow system, and I am very pleased to state that I have improved wonderfully ever since, both in health and strength, and I never feel anything of my old complaint. I always take your mag. in every week, and when I have finished reading the mag. I put it into my saloon for my customers to read.

J. Hill.

The Schoolmaster's View-point.

Luton.

Sir,—Having been a reader of your magazine for nearly two years, and having been specially interested in your Readers' Club, I thought I should like to send a small contribution to it.

My profession is that of a school teacher. Towards the end of the day at school I always suffered very much from pains at the bottom of my back.

My doctor said it was caused by standing all day. I was afraid I should have to give up my profession, but a friend advised me to take up your system of physical culture. I did so, with the happiest results. The pains in a short time disappeared, and I noticed that I felt much fresher at the end of a long day's work at school, and a hard night of studying.

I feel now as fit as the proverbial fiddle. I can confidently recommend your system to all teachers who have to work hard by day and study at night.

I was exceedingly interested in the remarks in your books upon the introduction of your system in schools. I think it is a great mistake upon the part of the Board of Education that the physical training of the children is extremely inferior to the mental training. The present system is very poor indeed.

J. W. Sewell.

Will Power and Practice.

Watford.

Sir,—I notice in your excellent magazine you award a medal to every reader who sends you an idea, experience, or photo. I must tell you I owe my present development to the excellence of your exercises and appliances, having been a most enthusiastic follower of your system, and a reader of your magazine for the last 2½ years. I made a good start by attending your Tottenham Court Road School for the first six months, and there, thanks to your instructor, I learnt to exercise properly, so that when I left the school I knew it only wanted "will power" and regular practice on my part to perfect. I have recommended the "Sandow System" to several of my friends, some of whom are "sticking to it," and deriving great benefit from same.

I hope to continue to act up to the Club motto, and to send you a photo. of myself shortly, and also to go in for your Gold Medal Competition.

MEASUREMENTS.

October, 1903		March, 1906.	
Age, 18 years.		Age, 20½ years.	
Height	5 ft. 4 inches	Height	5 ft. 6 inches
Weight (strpd.)	7 st. 9 lbs.	Weight (strpd.)	8 st. 9 lbs.
Neck	12½ inches	Neck	14½ inches.
Chest (con.)	29 "	Chest (con.)	32 "
Chest (exp.)	32½ "	Chest (exp.)	38 "
Upper arm (R)	10½ "	Upper arm (R)	11½ "
Upper arm (L)	10½ "	Upper arm (L)	11½ "
Fore arm (R)	8½ "	Fore arm (R)	10 "
Fore arm (L)	8½ "	Fore arm (L)	10 "
Waist	27½ "	Waist	27½ "
Thigh (R)	18 "	Thigh (R)	19½ "
Thigh (L)	18 "	Thigh (L)	19½ "
Calf (R)	11½ "	Calf (R)	12½ "
Calf (L)	11½ "	Calf (L)	12½ "

A. E. Hammond.

Don't Believe in their Own Christianity.

Chichester.

Sir,—I have now for several months past taken in your magazine, and can confidently say that it is the very best of its kind.

From time to time readers have given their experiences in forming Physical Culture Clubs, which seem always to be successful, that perhaps an experience that proved the opposite might be interesting.

I am the Sports Secretary of the local Y.M.C.A., and as Sports Secretary I thought it my duty to make an attempt to form a Physical Culture Club here. Well, I called a meeting of the members of the Association, who seemed quite enthusiastic over the idea, and who promised to support such a club if formed. A secretary and committee of six were elected, who drew up a report which they asked me to place before the Association committee for approval. This committee would not entertain the idea, and threw it out.

So you will see that all my efforts were, to all intents and purposes, in vain. So they were as far as forming a Physical Culture Club, but I woke a few of them up, and I am pleased to say some of them have turned over a new leaf, and they can now be termed Physical Culturists.

J. C. W. Maxwell.

Irish Schools Unhealthy.

What's Being Done for the Children?

There is no doubt, as Professor Bryce recently said in the House of Commons, that the whole system of Irish education is bad. At present, according to Professor Lindsay in an address at Belfast, many schools were "ill-constructed, ill-ventilated, dirty, and inadequately provided with some of the most elementary sanitary requisites." Professor Lindsay then made a suggestion to safeguard the health of the children in the future. He thought that each child on admission to the school should be furnished with a health card or schedule, on which should be entered particulars in reference to (1) name, age, and residence of the scholar; (2) previous health history, including any diseases from which the child might have suffered; (3) height and weight; (4) chest measurement; (5) state of eyes and ears; (6) state of the teeth; (7) any physical defect or constitutional peculiarity. These cards might be preserved and the particulars recorded once a quarter or once in every half-year. Any notable departure from the normal condition of the child would naturally be the subject of enquiry, and, if necessary, for obtaining medical advice. He further added that out of 300 schools in Belfast, over 70 were without playing grounds.

Marine Motoring.

An important motor-boat regatta will take place in the Mersey on June 8 and 9, under the auspices of the Liverpool Bay Yacht Club and the British Motor Boat Club. The events, which will be held on both days, are as follows:—30-mile race for motor boats not exceeding 40 ft. over all; 20-mile race for motor boats not exceeding 30 ft. over all; 15-mile race for motor boats not exceeding 25 ft. over all; 10-mile race for motor boats not exceeding 18 ft. over all; six-mile handicap for 12-ft. motor dinghies, and a six-mile handicap for boats not more than 2 h.p. On the second day there will be added the Flying Mile Championship for the British Motor Boat Club's Gold Medal.

Tottenham's New Baths.

The new first-class swimming bath at Tottenham has been officially opened by Sir Edwin Cornwall, the ex-chairman of the London County Council. An entertainment was given, at which races for ladies and gentlemen were decided, and several exhibitions given. The Tottenham S.C., recently formed, which has a membership of 270, assisted in the entertainment.

SOLDIERS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Colonel Pollock's "Pets."

JUST about a month has elapsed since Colonel Pollock began his notable experiment of attempting to change a raw recruit into "a first-class fighting man" in the short period of six months.

Colonel Pollock, late of the Somerset Light Infantry, is a man with ideas, lithe, active, and strenuous. The War Office is carefully watching his experiment, and it is no secret that £500 has been voted by the Government in aid of the scheme.

Not one of the recruits has ever done soldiering before. When they arrived at Hounslow they were absolutely the rawest of raw material. All of them are between eighteen and twenty years of age.

WORK, HARD WORK.

The short time they have been at Hounslow has worked wonders. They have caught the enthusiasm of their commander; they recognise that they are not out for a picnic; work, hard work, is the keynote of their day.

So far, their average working day has been one of ten hours, the morning being occupied by parades, while the afternoon has been spent in the gymnasium.

Only about 14 days ago rifles were distributed for the first time. The drill instructors soon got to work. The result is marvellous. There are few of the men, even now, who have not acquired the habit of prompt action and instant attention, while physically they are greatly improved.

In reply to an *Evening News* reporter, Colonel Pollock said:—

"They have done about four times better than I expected. They are as keen as mustard.

"The admitted deficiencies of the British Army are due to one thing, and one thing alone. The officers are not idle and incapable, and the men are not incapable. The curse of the whole thing is that the captain of a company is never allowed to train a single man; he does not even have his men to himself once a week.

"Once a year he has them for twenty-one days of training; otherwise he seldom sees his men. That's why our generals turn out failures. They have no means of acquiring proficiency as leaders in war."

NO FATIGUE DUTIES.

"How, then," I asked, do the men in the Regular Army occupy their time?"

"Oh," replied the colonel, with a shrug of contempt, "they are employed on what is called 'fatigues.' One man may be digging up the general's garden and another washing down a yard. They are often employed all day at the wharf shifting Government stores."

"The reason why," continued the colonel, "I anticipate better results from my six months' experiment than is obtained in six years of ordinary Army training is because the men will have no 'fatigues,' and will do nothing else but train.

"I am a firm believer in training based on drill. Without drill you can only produce a mob of men, not units capable of working together.

"So long as a large Army is maintained it will be wanted for reviews and for ceremonial occasions. Why should a soldier be made to make an ass of himself in public, which he will do unless he knows his drill?

"The men far surpass my expectations, but you have seen, and may judge for yourself."

Taught Hackenschmidt Boxing.

Gunner Moir, the vanquisher of Casey, and a fighter who, with a little polishing up, may be England's champion yet, taught Hackenschmidt the art of self-defence. The ex-Army man is now Georges' assistant trainer, and accompanies the "Russian Lion" in his walks abroad. In the gymnasium the ex-gunner enters into "mortal combat" with Hackenschmidt, and at the halls is Georges' best man.

"Am more than pleased with Fellowship Medal."—N. S. Wilson, 12, Park Royal, Peterborough.

VALOUR? By LAURANCE S. SHALLARD.

* * *

ALL Rome was ringing with the joyous shouts of victory, shouts for the Imperator—cheers for the mighty Cæsar; again and again the triumphant shouts of the Roman populace could be heard far above the din of the marching soldiers' feet—these soldiers who had taken up arms against the Germans, who had invaded Gallia, and had returned stained with the paint of victory. After many attempted invasions, the German hosts had been defeated and Cæsar's victorious legions had driven their invading opponents into the waters of the Rhine.

Again cheers rang out as the victors marched through Rome, greeted on all sides by the patriotic Roman people. The Legate had congratulated the victorious legions, and had announced that there should be a holiday for all—senators and plebeians—and the day to be concluded with sports and an *exposition d'armes* for the people; a thing which the Roman crowds looked eagerly forward to with great zest.

With the thoughts of this announcement, and not excluding thoughts of dear Helene, who was the glory and beauty of our race, my ideas wandered—wandered and changed—thinking and seeing only visionary features of one, one whom I loved and adored, one who was far more beauteous than any of Rome's proud maids; and as I pondered again, methought hypothetically I could see Helene glorious in all her array, and as Queen of Sport, presenting the honours of the tournament to those who had fought and won so well. And why should it not be? Why should I not try my prowess in the forthcoming contest—to win fame, renown, and perhaps the beautiful Helene also?

My sword had won for me many a hard-fought battle; many men had fallen before my steel; tact and sharpness had won for me many a position which the stern sex had envied.

* * *

Cheer after cheer rang out from the vast multitude of people assembled to see the feats of strength and contests of skill. Exalted by such applause, I stooped and lifted up my unconscious opponent's sword, and waving it on high, shouted: "For Rome and Helene!" At last my ambition was realised, as I knew that I had vanquished my many combatants, and had rendered them *hors de combat*. To think that I had won the Roman championship, and last, but by no means least, the lovely Helene, surpassed all my—

. . "Beg pardon, sir, past twelve o'clock; here's yer candle, and what time shall I call yer to-morrow, sir?"

Picking up my "Cæsar" which I had dropped during my slumbers, I hastened up our rickety staircase, thinking: "How are the mighty fallen!"

For when the night hath wayward rolled,
On the morrow we ever deem
To awake! and find these fancies bold
Hath turned into a dream.

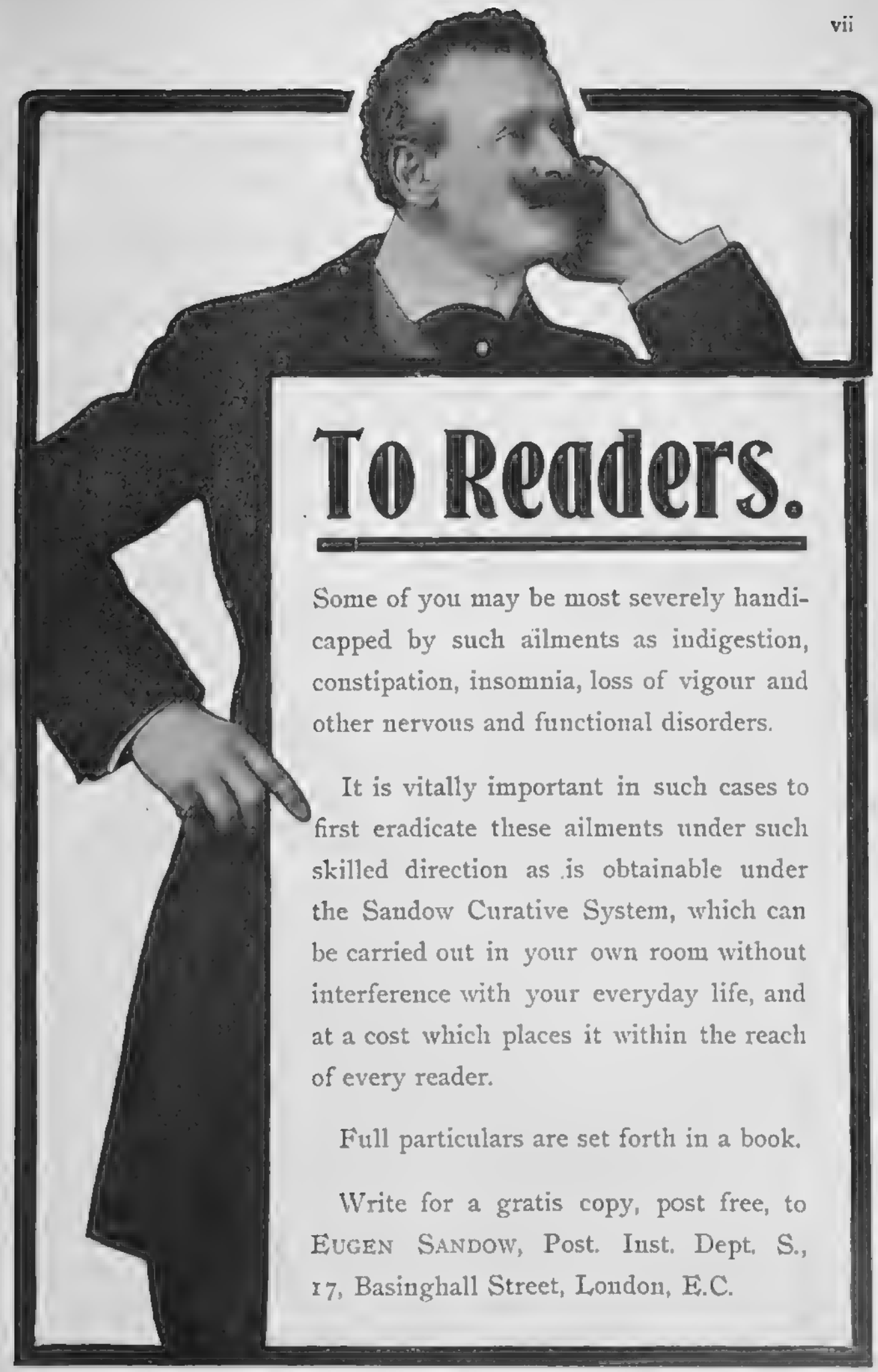
Kieran's Successor.

New York has produced a rare swimmer, worthy in every way to take the place of the late Australian crack, Kieran. Chas. M. Daniels, of the New York A.C., is the young man. He has broken or equalled almost every American record from the 25 yards to the 220 yards, and bettered and equalled several world's records. He stands six feet high, weighs 147 lbs., and is undoubtedly one of the grandest swimmers the world has ever seen. Daniels will represent his country at the American games.

An eminent physician asserts that rheumatism can be cured by a plentiful diet of ripe fruit.

The right hand, as a general rule, although more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

"A ripping Medal."—W. S. Morris, Roebuck Hill, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.



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UNCLE SAM WANTS GOATS.

Goat's Milk a Nourishing Food.

THE United States Government just now is paying particular attention to the goat. It is believed that he, particularly she, will figure in an important way in the future development of the American people. The United States Government has awakened to the importance of the milch goat.

It has imported sixty-eight of them from Malta. The herd has been sent to the experiment station at the Connecticut State Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn. It is intended to breed the goats and to send the young animals to stations in other parts of the country. The purpose of the Government is to establish the fact that goats may be successfully raised in America for the purpose of supplying milk.

MOUNTAINEERING FOR GOATS.

The Government sent commissioners abroad to look into the subject. It was an interesting and extensive junket, this pursuit of the goat through Europe, Asia, and Africa by the "agricultural explorers" of the United States Government. They climbed the Alps and the Himalayas. They entered the Black Forest and the Hartz Valley, penetrated Thuringia and Gotha, and Saxony; inspected the habits of the goats in Wales and Ireland and Scotland. Then they journeyed far south into Malaga, Granada, and the Island of Malta, entered Upper Egypt and Nubia, Abyssinia, Syria, and Sumatra. It was a great chase to find the right goat to succeed the extinct species of Harlem.

"The goat of Switzerland is the Swiss peasant's cow, the Swiss baby's foster-mother, a blessing to sanitoriums for invalids, and a Godsend to the poor." This is an extract from the illustrated volume recently issued at Washington, reporting the findings of the Government's "explorers," who went abroad in search of information on milch goats. The book is full of useful facts as to goat farming.

"The goat," says this book, "is needed by the poor man, who cannot keep a cow, and by those people especially who live in the suburbs of the large cities."

"It yields a wholesome nourishment for the family, serves as a useful and agreeable occupation for wife and children, and awakens in its owner a desire for industry and a spirit of frugality," is a tribute quoted by Prof. Hilgert.

The best milkers of Malta sell at £4 to £5. The average length of a goat's life is about twelve years.

Eight goats will subsist upon the amount of feed required for one cow. The Maltese goat gives from three to four quarts of milk daily.

The proportions of households in Germany that keep goats is seventy-five per cent. Their keeping is not confined to the poorer people, but extends to the prosperous middle classes.

There are many sanitoriums in France, Germany, and Switzerland, where goat's milk is advertised as a prominent feature of treatment. The patients are encouraged to drink as much of it as they can.

FREE FROM TUBERCLE BACILLI.

The milk is especially recommended for infants because of its similarity in composition to the mother's milk.

Boiled, and used with coffee, it is delicious, giving the latter a rich, creamy appearance. A few drops in a cup of tea are more than equivalent to a teaspoonful of cow's milk.

Goat's milk has the advantage over cow's milk of being free from tubercle bacilli, and can be taken quite fresh.

The cheese that is made from goats' milk is considered very choice, and always brings good prices. Some of the varieties known in the United States are Roquefort, Ricotto, Schweitzer, and Altenburger.

These are some of the facts from the official American goat book.

It is the hope of the United States Agricultural Department to create a new and profitable industry by demonstrating the usefulness and economy of the Maltese goat in America.

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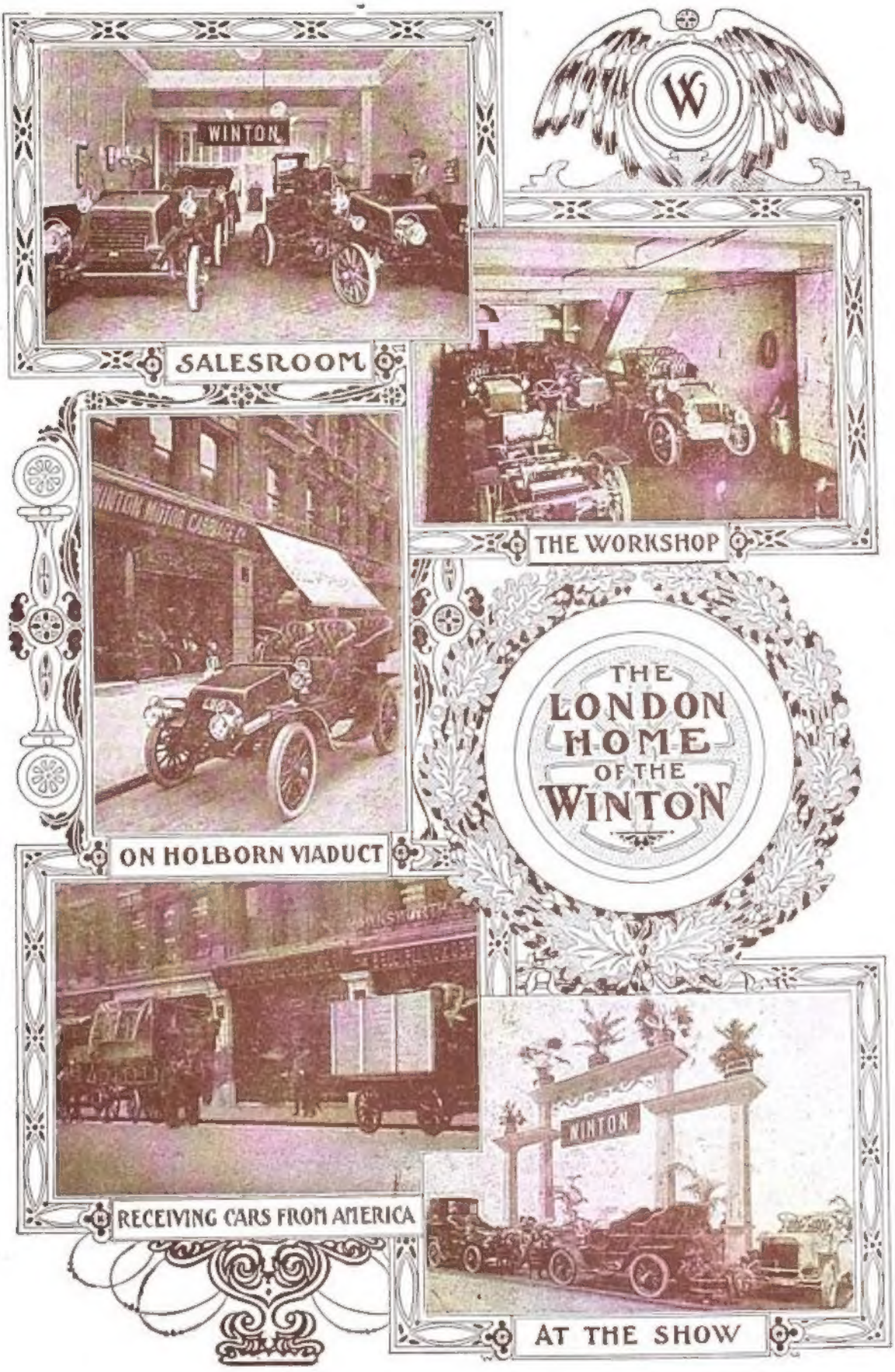

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